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The Senior Sickle. ~ ~ ~



"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."



SENIOR

FOR SAN
ET HAEC OLIM
MEMINISSE
JUVABIT

HS

Robert C. Pond
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Wilfred B. Shaw
BUSINESS MGR

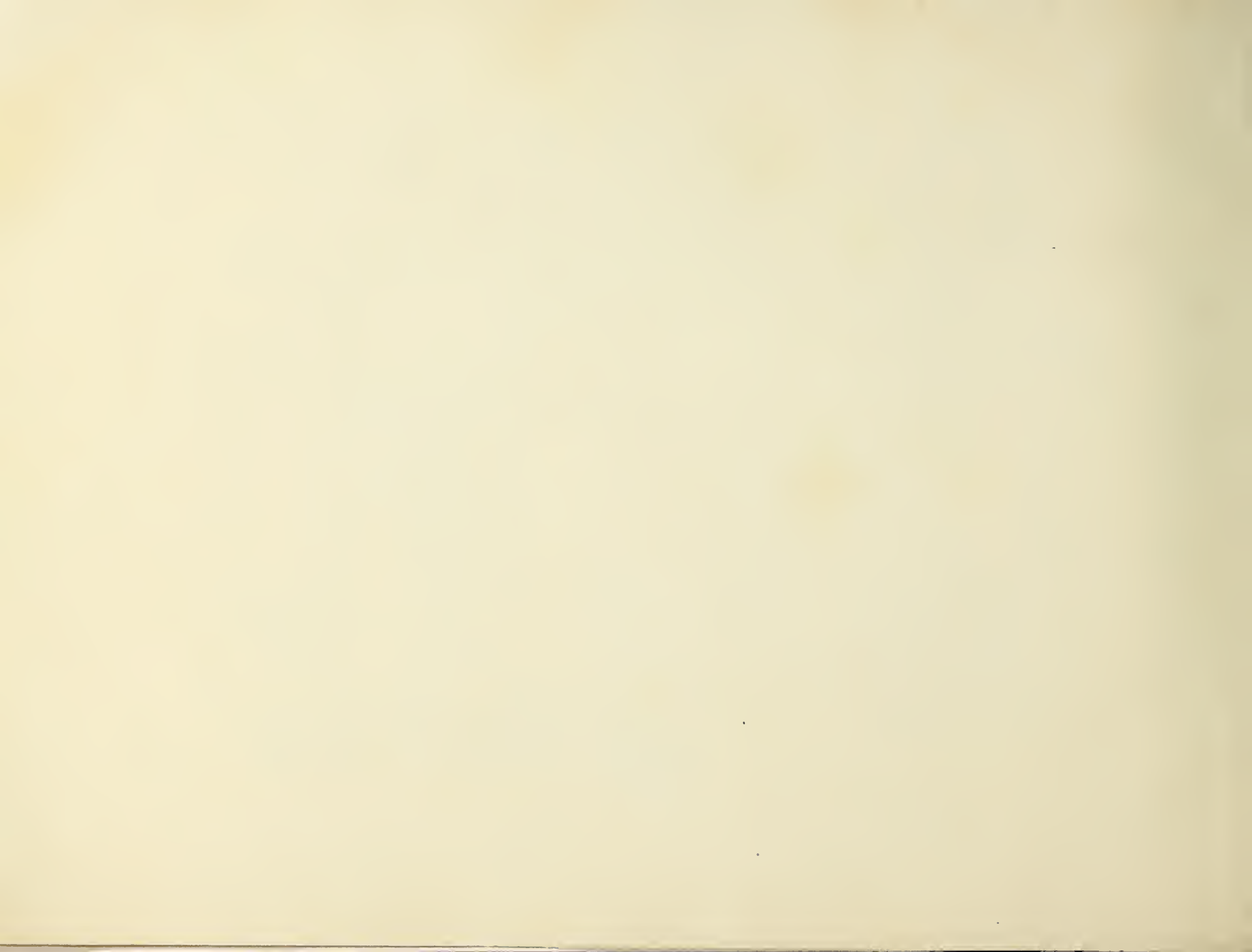
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

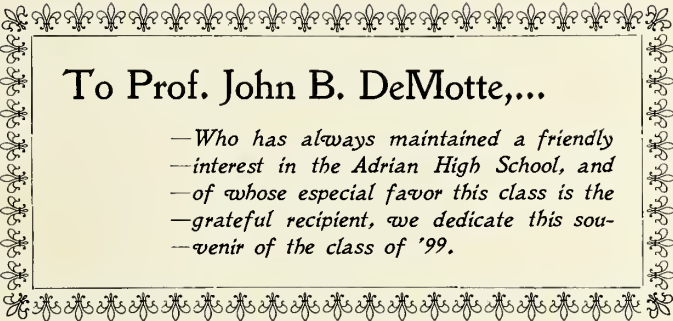
Florence Bennett
Verna Higgins
Cecily M. Force
Sarah E. Edwards
Grant J. Davis
Charles L. James

'99

SICKLE

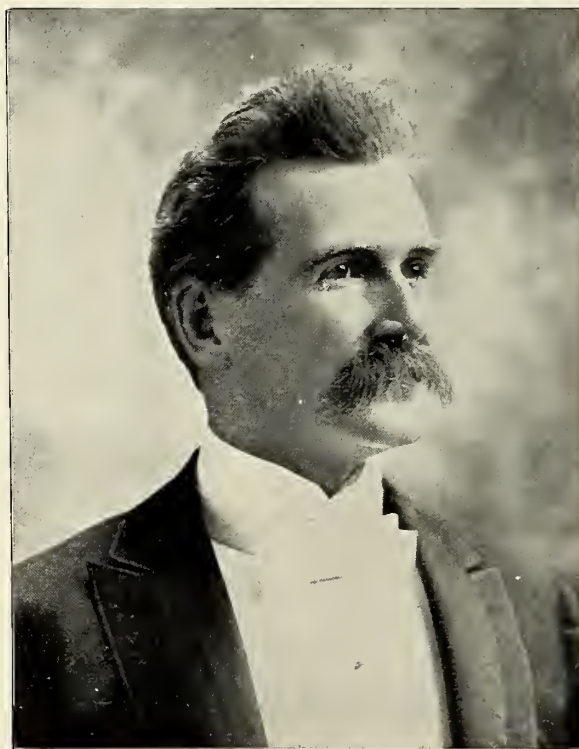






To Prof. John B. DeMotte,...

*—Who has always maintained a friendly
—interest in the Adrian High School, and
—of whose especial favor this class is the
—grateful recipient, we dedicate this sou-
—venir of the class of '99.*



PROFESSOR DE MOTTE.



PROFESSOR DE MOTTE'S great great great grandfather was an Huguenot refugee from France, who came to Long Island near the close of the 17th century, and established the first professional blacksmith shop on the island. He was known as "Richard DeMotte, the blacksmith of Long Island."

The descendents all along the line, have been sober, industrious men, distinctly loyal to America, and active in all reform work of education, state and church. A large percentage have been ministers and teachers.

Professor DeMotte was born in a Methodist parsonage at Wareland, Ind., in 1848. He enlisted on the day he was 15 years old from Rochester, Ind., in the One Hundred and Eighteenth Indiana Volunteers; was honorably discharged in the following spring; was a teacher for two years at Lafayette, Ind., and in 1872 was made principal of the Preparatory Department of the Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) University, from which institution he graduated in the classical course in 1874. He was at once taken into the faculty and given the chair of Mathematical Physics, which position he resigned in 1891, to accept a desirable offer of work in a larger field of usefulness, with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau of Chicago and Boston. His lecture lists for last season and the present one are larger than those of any other person in the field.

He received his A. M. degree *incurso*, and his M. D. and Ph. D., upon the basis of work done in Germany, mostly at Bonn and Heidelberg. He came into the lecture field with the feeling that the American public wants something higher than mere amusement, and the list of his engagements is sufficient guarantee that the better class of our people would prefer to think along lines helpful to society, than merely to be amused.

When Professor DeMotte entered the lecture field in 1891, Adrian was one of his first engagements. He has since lectured three times in our city, always to crowded houses. Two years ago our people listened, for the second time, to that grand and most helpful lecture upon "Character Building."

Whenever it has been possible, Professor DeMotte has visited our High School and given our young people such talks as might fall from the lips of a father who is bidding farewell to the son leaving the parental roof for the first time. He has endeared himself, in so many ways, to the old and young alike in our city that one is not surprised to learn that he has been adopted as a citizen of Adrian, and has been presented with a key to the hearts of his loyal friends.

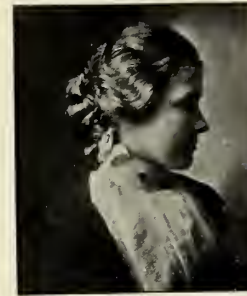
Long live Professor DeMotte to preach the doctrine of right living, and to inspire the youth of our land to the attainment of high ideals.



EVLYN M. FORCE.



ROBERT C. PARK, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



VERNA WIGGINS.



CHARLES S. JAMES.



SARAH E. EDWARDS.



WILFRED B. SHAW, BUSINESS MANAGER.



FLORENCE BENNETT.



GRANT T. DAVIS.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

The Senior Sickle.

Of the Adrian High School.

.....Published by the Class of '99.....

...Editorials...

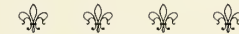
CUSTOM, once established, is very tenacious. Sometimes, indeed, it may lead to pernicious results; but such, it seems, can hardly be the case in regard to the publishing of annuals by graduating classes.

An annual is read with interest by the alumni, by the many friends of the institution, and by the general public, as well as by the students of all classes. In this way the work of a school is brought to the notice of the public and an impression, favorable or otherwise, is created by its publications. To the student the annual, while perhaps a source of much pleasure and enjoyment at the present time, ought to be valued greatly in after life, for without it many pleasant memories of High School days would be lost.

Nearly all the larger schools of the state observe the custom of publishing an annual of some sort. Adrian High School has but recently begun this practice, however; and, while

previous to this production we have published but two annuals, we are pleased to note that the SICKLES of '97 and '98 were equaled by few, and excelled by no High School in the state.

We, the editors of '99, have tried to present as good an annual as we were able, and one which would not only be of interest now, but would serve as an acceptable souvenir of Adrian High School for the year 1899. If we have succeeded in doing this, we feel that the time and labor spent have not been in vain. Of its merits you yourselves must judge.

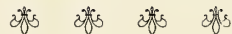


WITHIN the past school year a sentiment, heretofore entirely foreign to the walls of the old building, has arisen among the several classes of the high school. We have reference to the clearly defined and somewhat questionable class spirit which has been manifested throughout the school year, not by the legitimate and accustomed feeling of friendly rivalry, but by lawless depredations which at first committed entirely on class lines, quickly degenerated into pranks unworthy the term practical jokes, committed by members of all classes.

We wish here to draw sharply the line between harmless jokes and the wanton destruction of property, which has ensued as a result of the earlier rivalry. We have been entertained by samples of both species of humor. The former were passed over with a tolerant smile by students, teachers and the public, while the latter gained, as they deserved, only severest condemnation from all.

All classes were more or less implicated, but it may rightly be inferred from the increase of this spirit during this last year that the lower classes took the leading part.

We have nothing to say against the raising of class colors and emblems, in the right place at proper times, nor do we object to the manifestations of class spirit under such circumstances. But when these colors are flaunted as is a red rag before a maddened bull, with a defiant persistency equaled only by the great industry exhibited in making new flags to replace those destroyed in the frequent melees, such a spirit is out of place. Such displays are trebly childish and, in keeping with the lowest plane of high school intelligence, when flags are flaunted from a church steeple, and from down town buildings. These actions are unworthy of notice.

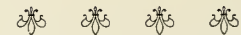


LAST summer Adrian High School was the recipient of a very generous gift from the Agassiz Association. The donation comprised their collection of stuffed animals, Indian relics, bones, shells, botanical and mineralogical specimens and one of the finest entymological collections in the state. This fine exhibit now adorns the Senior Room of the High School.

A large case with plate glass front has been placed at one end of the room, in which are the butterflies, also the shells, mastodon bones and some of the botanical specimens. The shrubs at the side of the room hold the greater part of the remainder, while stuffed birds swing and perch everywhere.

This collection might form a nucleus to a much greater, if only the members of the High School would use the splendid opportunity offered. Each thing must have some beginning, be it great or small, and does not this patiently acquired collection form a very acceptable start for an energetic and wide-awake Scientific Club, which may take a prominent place among the High School organizations?

The Annual would be pleased to offer this as a suggestion, that, among those who are interested in such things (and who of us is not) an association be formed under capable direction, to go on with the work for which we already have so generous a start.



“Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.”

BE each, pray God, a gentleman.” It is an easy word and a pleasant one, but do you all live up to it? Or are you showing it a little here and there, so little perhaps, that you hardly notice it until you make comparisons? A gentleman playing against a gentleman always plays to win. There is a tacit agreement between them that each shall play his best, and the best man shall win. If you are a member of a school team and go into training, don't break faith with your captain, your fellows and yourself by surreptitious indulgences. This does not mean that if you see some other fellow breaking the law on the sly you are obliged to tell of

it, nor does it mean that you must call him to account, unless you are the captain. And if you are the captain, and you find a person breaking a law in spite of your own orders, and you consider it advisable to put him off the team, don't be afraid to do it. Gentlemen are not cowards, mentally or physically.

If you are elected captain of a team, read over your rules, and note exactly who are allowed as contestants by those rules, not by the customs of some predecessor; not by what you think some rival will do, but by the rules themselves. Having done that, never let a thought enter your head of making use of any man not cleanly and clearly eligible. You will save yourself many a future worry if you start fairly by looking into the record of every candidate at the outset. It is your duty to know that every one of your players is straight and square.

The boys of the school should attend the games and cheer their team, and in this way encourage them to put forth their best efforts to win. But they should also be courteous to their rivals and not cheer an error made by them. Moreover, if your rivals make a good play, you should cheer them and conceal any chagrin you may feel at the loss it may be to your side. And after a winning game, there is no reason why you should not do plenty of cheering, but there is plenty of reason why you should not make your enjoyment depend upon insulting those who have lost. Show that behind the fun there is the instinct and cultivation of a gentleman's son, and that the enthusiasm, although it may be a bore to those who fail to kindle to it, has nothing of the vicious element, and is thoroughly innocent of intentional offense to anyone.

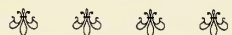
ONE subject relating to the High School is gradually becoming quite important. For many years the country people have been coming to the High School to obtain a better education than is offered in the rural districts.

The advantages afforded by the High School are readily recognized. In the district school the opportunity for the pursuit of study is limited. There, only the rudimentary branches are taught. Little or no instruction is offered in literature or history. The language work is confined largely to the oral use, by pupils and teachers, of much abused English. For a right appreciation of literature and history one must live among men. Such conditions are even more necessary in acquiring a language. Therefore it is only natural that the foreign pupils should appreciate the privileges granted them even more than their school-mates, who have been accustomed all their lives to skillful teachers and improved methods. In the city schools so much knowledge has been presented, even though in an interesting manner, that the pupils' minds are actually surfeited, and their excellent opportunities are not fully appreciated, while all the new ideas are eagerly grasped and assimilated by those whose advantages have been limited.

Over against the advantages rendered by the High School, and almost as important, is the benefit resulting to the High School from these same pupils. They have come inspired by the study of nature. They have climbed the hills, forded the streams, and wandered through the woods. They know how the grain grows, how the birds build their nests, where and when to find all kinds of wild flowers. Another fact regarding the country pupils is not to be overlooked. They are

original. Coming from different parts of the country, they are, so to speak, representatives of their respective vicinities. They reveal the ideas, opinions, beliefs and customs prevalent among their neighbors. Representing various communities, these students differ not only from the city pupils, but also from one another. Originality is never too common, and the city pupils, who have been gradually becoming more and more alike during their association in the grades, are not slow to realize this fact. They appreciate variety, although they may call the odities "countrified."

The benefit which each class derives from this contact of city and country is also of great importance. The urbanity of the city tends to modify and refine the rusticity of the country youths; while simple honesty and straightforwardness have their effect upon polished city life. The city and country come to realize their close relation and mutual dependence. They have more in common than formerly, more knowledge of, and more interest in each other. Through the contact of these two elements in our High School, the city pupils are strengthened and come to recognize the true worth of their associates; while the country people go back to their homes fully equipped to become leaders in their neighborhoods. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this custom, so beneficial and helpful, will continue in our High School. E. M. F.



WE love our High School and wish it the highest success. It is for the interest of all concerned with this institution that such courses of study be offered as may prepare the students for whatever is to follow graduation,

whether a college education or a business career. For either course of action Greek is of great value. To the student having a college course in view it gives not only culture but also the necessary preparation for college Greek.

The Greeks were a great, grand people; a creative, not an imitative race. To them nearly all the marks of the civilization of to-day can be finally traced. Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were the originators of the drama; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle were the world's greatest philosophers, and little has since been added to their reasoning. From Homer we get our conception of the epic; from Alcaeus and Sappho, our lyric poetry. Xenophon, Thucydides and Herodotus were famous historians. "The Ten Attic Orators" have been the study of all aspirants for forensic fame. If such are the products of the Grecian race, their language must be worthy of attention, for a great people cannot live in a small language. We cannot afford to miss this study which is one of the most precious heritages of posterity. But as a botanist goes directly to the fields to study the flowers, so we must go to the Greek language itself to learn its fullness of life and beauty.

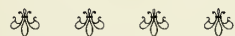
Our graduates have keenly felt their disadvantage in not being able to enter the first course in our colleges and universities. The failure of Adrian High School to meet requirements is not owing to a lack of any science, but rather to the absence of Greek. The value of Greek is appreciated by the leading High Schools of the state, and Adrian must take second rank because of the fact that this important branch of study is not offered. Ours is the largest High School in the state without Greek. Not only will the students of the High

School deeply regret their inability to pursue this study, but the High School itself will eventually be the loser. For foreign pupils wishing to attend some school higher than their own, will seek for the best—for an institution that offers all courses of study. "Mahomet had to go to the mountain because the mountain would not come to Mahomet."

The added reputation to our High School would more than compensate for the extra expense incurred by the introduction of Greek. If Greek, together with a class in French or German, could be started alternate years, rather than each year, scarcely any additional expense would be incurred.

It is generally conceded by Latin students that a knowledge of Greek is absolutely essential to a thorough mastery and appreciation of Latin. It would seem the student pursuing four years of Latin, undergoes great hardship in not being permitted to study Greek. A majority of the present senior class have studied Latin in our High School.

If the reasons for the existence of the Latin are sufficient for its future retention in our High School, is there not an inconsistency in longer delaying the introduction of the Greek, a knowledge which is so necessary to a complete classical education?



IN the leading American High Schools of the present day the subject of United States History is receiving more thought and consideration than formerly. When we consider that the stability of this republic and the progress in the world of American ideas and American principles depends

upon the knowledge and intelligence of our people, we must hail with delight this remarkable enthusiasm for and interest in our national history. Our safeguard as a nation is the intense patriotism of our people. The best method of perpetuating and increasing this love of country is by enlarging our knowledge of American history. Of all the nations that have existed from ancient times to the present day, the Jews alone have preserved intact the spirit of nationality and of patriotic devotion; and this despite the fact that of all peoples the Jews have been most cruelly and most vindictively persecuted. What is the explanation of this marvelous vitality of Judaic patriotism? Of all men the Hebrew is, and always has been, most thoroughly versed in his national literature and history. His religion, his philosophy, his thoughts, his tastes and desires, his very existence are all involved in this history of his race. And, as a result of this, the Hebrew is the most patriotic of men.

The best fuel with which to sustain the fires of patriotism is that afforded by the great facts in our American history. But this knowledge does much more than preserve our love of country. Ignorance of the common people has been the most potent cause of failures in former attempts at self-government. That nation which, in dealing with the problems of the present disregards the past, must and ought to be disregarded of the future.

The American Republic will advance in proportion as our people come to know more of our history and use their knowledge in dealing with those problems which their rights and duties as American citizens require them to consider.



JOHN W. WELCH, PRINCIPAL.

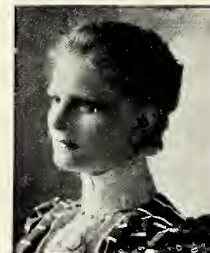
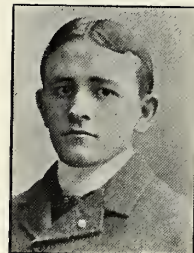
John W. Welch, the present Principal of Adrian High School was born at Canandaigua, New York, in July, 1872. He comes of a literary family, his father having devoted his life to the lecture platform, both in the East and West. Mr. Welch entered the common schools of his native state at the age of nine; afterwards coming to Michigan, where he has completed his education. He entered Albion College in 1889, completing his High School work during that year. At the close of his junior year there, he entered the University of Michigan, from which he has graduated and also taken graduate work. His special branches of study were language, his-

tory and economics. While at the College and University also, he took a leading place in both athletic and literary affairs.

Since his graduation, he has served as principal at Niles for two years, at Jackson for a like period, and has now completed his first year at Adrian. We hope it will be the first of many. In '96, at the close of his service at Niles, he married Miss Edith Dissette, of Albion. Last summer he taught here in the Teacher's Institute, and he expects to continue the work during this summer.



A. E. CURTIS, SUPERINTENDENT.



CORA M. SMITH.

ARCHIBALD W. SMALLEY.

ELLA P. IRISH.

FRANCES L. STEARNS.

D. H. TROWBRIDGE.

ELLA M. NICHOLSON,

ADELLE L. CORBUS.

LOUISE B. STICKNEY.

First Baptist
Church,



Wednesday, June
21, 1899, at 8:00
o'clock.



Class Day Program.

Organ Voluntary.

Invocation.

SEMI-CHORUS—Spring Song—Pinsuti.

HISTORY, - - - H. Leon Simpson

RECITATION—"Hannah Jane," - E. Mabel Hornby

ESSAY—"Life Boats," - Sarah E. Edwards

PIANO SOLO—Invitation a la Valse—C. M. Von Weber. -

Hattie Florence Rowley

ORATION—"Night Brings Out the Stars," -

Samuel Roy Beal

CLASS POEM, - - - Florence L. Bennett

PROPHECY, - - - Jessie L. Strong

Music.

Benediction.



.....CLASS HISTORY.....

H. Leon Simpson.



HISTORY, according to Suley, gratifies the curiosity of the reader about the past, modifies his views of the present, and his forecast of the future.

Every organization has a history. In some instances it is a noble one, and one of which its makers may well be proud. Our attention is usually directed to the exploits of great men and the rise of nations

form petty sovereignties to world powers. We seldom think of the histories that are being formed from day to day by the organized classes in our public schools.

It will prove interesting without doubt to those who have not been associated with us during our life in the High School to learn something of our rise from obscurity in the grammar school to an enviable place of prominence among the powers which have dominated the halls of "Old Central" during the past four years.

While we were yet a comparatively obscure organization in the grammar school, the marked advancement which we had made in literary pursuits had been noted by the enlightened bodies which had gone before us. For some years we had been looking forward to the time when we should reach that degree of excellence which would enable us to cross the

divide and establish a republic of our own in the broader territory.

The summer of 1895 was a long one for our little band, but at last our hopes were realized, and the day which was to become a landmark in our lives was at hand. The doors of "Old Central" opened before us, and what was to become the famous "Class of '99" commenced its campaign.

In base ball and foot ball, as well as in literary work, we had had some experience, so that on entering the High School we were immediately considered capable of taking an active part in both literary and athletic circles.

During our Freshmen year our forces were divided, the girls being placed under the watchful eye of Miss Smith, while the boys were assigned to the care of Miss Sperry. As a class we were possessed of that happy gift of independence which is necessary to success, and when we were called upon to march into chapel for the first time, we did it with all the dignity and self-assurance that we could muster up, thus gaining the favor and admiration of the upper classes. Mr. Curtis was our principal then, and gave us a most hearty welcome. After his pleasing address, we went to our respective rooms, and at last realized that we were indeed members of Adrian High School.

We certainly commenced this new period of our history under the most auspicious circumstances. Our forces were large, and a more active, energetic and ambitious company of

young people is seldom seen. We had not been settled in this new territory very long when it was deemed advisable for us to organize. Our first general assembly was held in October of 1895, at which time Clarence Wilcox was elected president and Wilfred Shaw secretary. Our meetings, of which we had but few during our Freshman year, were in keeping with our position in the High School. The dignity and strict observance of parliamentary law were extraordinary, apple cores, erasers and umbrellas playing an active part in the spirited arguments which often arose.

We allowed the first winter to slip by without a class sleigh ride, but in the following June joined the other classes in a picnic at Sand Lake. It is needless to say that this was one of the most enjoyable events of the year, and did much towards strengthening the bonds of friendship between the classes. Soon after this came the long summer vacation, which we thought had been earned by faithful and diligent toil.

When September came again and the mandatory clang of the bell was again heard, we returned to our duties, not as Freshmen, but as second year students. Many changes had been made: Mr. Curtis had been elected Superintendent of Schools in our city, and Mr. Stratton D. Brooks had been appointed Principal of the High School, the position Mr. Curtis had occupied for seventeen years. Several days passed before we had adapted ourselves to our new surroundings, but very soon matters commenced to move along smoothly.

At the outset of this new school year, the strength and worth of '99 became more noticeable than ever. We were strongly represented in both literary societies and in the foot

ball team. In social events the Class of '99 took no back seat. We were rapidly growing out of our semi-barbarous state and taking upon ourselves an enlightened appearance.

Outside of the general course of events, the first semester of our Sophomore year was a quiet one. The first snow storm was late in coming, but as we had allowed one winter to pass over our heads without a class sleigh ride, extra efforts were made to have one on this occasion. Roy Beal announced that his home, seven miles west of the city, could be had for the taking, and to that pleasant place we made our way on as beautiful a winter's night as could be asked for. Arriving there, we were ushered into the dining room, where we did ample justice to an oyster stew. The evening was passed in playing games and dancing, and at an early hour the next morning we departed for home.

In the spring term the officers who had conducted affairs for a year and a half stepped down, and in their stead Sadie Edwards became president and Chas. Morden secretary.

The next important event came in June. Again we combined with the other classes of the school for the annual picnic at Sand Lake. This was as pronounced a success as it had been the year before.

When next we assembled in the class room it was to commence our Junior year, and the second half of our sojourn in the High School. With the advent of the third year we were obliged to lose from our number some of those who had been with us from the earliest days of our school life. Among them were Jennie Moreland, Charlotte Lane, Edna Culver and Percy Wines. Their leaving was a serious blow to us and one from which we have never fully recovered. When one enters

upon his third year in the High School, he begins to feel his importance. It is then that he realizes that he will soon occupy the middle east room, the room upon which every Freshman looks with eyes filled with awe and wonderment. It was a pleasant and prosperous year for us, though not an eventful one. Aside from the annual sleigh ride in January and the picnic in June, nothing of importance affecting the class as a whole took place, though the numerous clubs in the school, the histories of which must ever remain unwritten, made life interesting for those desiring amusement.

In the autumn of 1898 we entered upon our fourth and last year in Adrian High School. We assumed our rank as Seniors gracefully and, as Seniors generally do, made ourselves an example of excellence for the lower classes. It was not long before it became evident that the younger generation was an observing one and, from present indications, we may expect worthy successors.

We were now entirely independent of all classes and factions in the school—a little nation by ourselves. Settled as we were in a room of our own, with Miss Louise B. Stickney as our mistress, we were prepared to spend a pleasant and profitable year.

Mr. Brooks had accepted a position as superintendent of a large school at LaSalle, Ill., and Mr. Welch, formerly of the Jackson High School, had taken his place as our principal. In coming to our school, Mr. Welch had a difficult position to fill. His predecessor, Mr. Brooks had been a very popular teacher, and some of the students, principally the boys, were at first rather disposed to feel unkindly towards our new principal when he enforced stricter rules than had been customary, but

at the present time we are pleased to state that these same boys are to be found among Mr. Welch's warmest friends. We commenced to lay plans for the year early in September. During the third week of that month a business session of the class was held, at which time officers were elected for the year. Clarence Wilcox was again chosen chief executive, showing the high regard in which he is held by the class. At the same time Hattie Rowley became secretary, Jerome Moran treasurer and Mr. Case sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Case was obliged to leave school soon after his election, and Leon Treat became sergeant in his place.

We had decided to issue an annual at commencement, and in October held another session for the purpose of choosing the board of editors. This was an important step and demanded the most careful attention and consideration of the class. As a result, an exceedingly competent body was chosen, and with Robert Park as editor-in-chief, and Wilfred Shaw as business manager, the two latter having been appointed by the teachers of last year, the class of '99 was prepared to issue a fine volume. Miss Grace Langdon, who had gone to Europe to live just before we became Seniors, has been our European correspondent, and has written many interesting letters.

In December, as in the winter of our Sophomore year, we enjoyed a sleigh ride to the home of Roy Beal, and it was a success in every particular.

On the evening of March 3d, our class gave a social in the High School room, the proceeds of which, together with the amount realized during the year from general taxation, were sufficient to defray all our graduating expenses. This, of

course, was very gratifying to the class, but our joy over this success could not be compared with that which we experienced when our business manager, Wilfred Shaw, added to our laurels by winning the local oratorical contest.

Warm weather was now rapidly coming upon us, class day participants had been selected, and preparations, as far as possible, had been made for commencement. We had been greatly honored by securing Prof. DeMotte to deliver our commencement day address, and the Rev. Mr. Jones, of the M. P. church, to preach our baccalaureate sermon. The long looked for time was soon at hand. The last few weeks of school were short, but exceedingly busy and anxious ones for

the members of the class of '99. Occupied, as we were, in straightening out all back accounts, and preparing ourselves for commencement, it will readily be believed that we were thankful when examinations were finished.

We have now finished our campaign in Adrian High School. We are prepared to launch out into a broader and newer field. With memories of our school life which will ever remain dear to us, and in bidding farewell to the old school, we wish those who may follow us all the happiness and prosperity which we have enjoyed during the past four years.

ESSAY,—“Life=boats.”

Sarah E. Edwards.



shore and looked on helplessly, while it was dashed to pieces. The whole crew perished.

IN 1789 occurred the ship-wreck of the “Adventurer,” of Newcastle. Its destruction is noticeable in the history of ship-wrecks because it marked the beginning of a new era for seamen. So few were the conveniences for such an emergency, that no relief could be given the storm-tossed vessel. Thousands of the coast people stood upon the

The story of this disaster spread widely, and the public sympathy was aroused in regard to ship-wrecked seamen. Under the excitement of this calamity, steps were immediately taken that such an experience of pit-eous helplessness might not be repeated. Premiums were offered and models of boats were presented. Thus the life-boat came into existence. The first invention is now so improved that it is almost indispensable along the coasts. The life-boat of to-day is built of timbers, strong and light, and is so arranged that it has the power to keep afloat, to right itself, if upset, and immediately to discharge itself when filled with water. The winds and waves are powerless against

it. When any other boat would be overwhelmed by the deluging waters, this craft rises triumphant, and sweeps on to the rescue. Thus, after many attempts, the requirements of the complete and perfect life-boat of the real sea seem to be fulfilled.

But there are other life-boats which ride upon another sea whose waters rise and surge, whose shores are rocky, and whose reefs are high. Our life-boats toss upon the vast and boundless sea of time. This wonderful expanse is dotted with boats differing in size and form and hue. The young are dancing in skiffs upon the "pellucid shallows." The boats of those just beginning life's battle are tossed from their chains, and strike out gallantly from the shore. Each is seeking a boat which will carry him safely, and, perhaps, grandly over the waters which lie before him, a boat which shall be to him a true life-boat.

The first which appears gliding by is a boat of Wealth. Its prow of burnished gold flashes in the sunlight. Many look with envy upon the fair ship which bears the owner to every clime and gives to him its luxuries—to lands where beautiful flowers bloom; where the waters of the fountain play; and where the sculptor shapes the unhewn marble into living statues. It is also strong to brave many storms assailing character and reputation, for gold can "cover a multitude of sins." But the sky finally darkens, clouds riven by flashes of lightning, hover above the once prosperous ship. Deprived of the former armor—wealth, it cannot withstand the fierce blasts, and is swept away in the midst of a financial storm. This cannot be the true life boat.

But another is seen riding upon the surface. In the distance it appears like a shell hanging upon the feathery crest of

a wave. As it floats idly nearer, we discern bright banners waving from its mast. The sound of merry voices, and the music of harps are borne from the deck. Gay forms flit about. Such is the boat of Pleasure. Its occupant has no aim and no plans for the future, and therefore neglects to guide his ship from the coming dangers. In the midst of his folly his frail bark strikes the reef and is instantly shattered.

Still another boat passes before our view. There are few like it upon the entire sea, for it is the boat of fame, and the goddess is sparing of her brilliant gifts. The sails are unfurled wider and still wider, and the ship speeds over its way so swiftly that it seems scarcely to touch the surface. It escapes all obstacles and pursues its course so easily that the world gazes in admiration. Yet this mad career is finally checked when, by fair means or by foul, he who guides it seems almost at his goal. The waves of popular opinion, once so calm, now surge and with one vast billow the boat of Fame is gone.

The next boat to appear is that of Knowledge. It is not boastful, but quietly asserts its strength and power. Pearls of priceless value glisten in the sunlight. The helmsman sails through waters traversed long ago or seeks for new paths, discovering new mysteries. Still, though much to be desired, there is a storm which even this can never hope to outride—the last, the final storm of life. Let us look further for the model life-boat which is to resist and overcome all dangers of life.

Yonder another is moving upon the waters, so light and so firm, it seems as if it were made to pass through every storm and to cope with every billow. No flaunting colors are displayed; it does not need them for every part is fitted to

every other, making it an object of grace and beauty. By day it sparkles with a lustre unseen before; by night its radiance is still brighter. Clouds of persecution gather and burst in fury over it, but it is not wrecked. In the darkest nights and fiercest storms of adversity the trusty pilot guides it over the deep waters, as it is now borne to a billow's crest,

now engulfed in its trough, and finally he brings the boat safely into the harbor. This true life-boat, unlike the other boats on life's sea, is free for all who choose to launch it. It is safe, no storm can harm it. It has been prepared by Him who walked upon the waters and said to the raging billows, "Peace, be still!"

♦♦♦♦♦CLASS POEM♦♦♦♦♦

Florence Bennett.



Slowly the streets of the city
Are rid of their busy throng,
Hushed is the noisy clamor,
And the work of the laborer, done.

Silently night descends
And enfolds in her loving embrace
The countless thousands of toilers—
The bread winners of our race.

Quiet broods o'er the city,
Rest glides into each home;
Sleep comes to tired mortals,
For another day's work is done.

Yet not so does restful slumber
Close the eyes of every one;
For in one low rafted room
The weaver weaves on and on.

Pale is the face, and sad
From many a sorrow and care,
Yet beneath her skillful fingers
Grows the pattern wondrously fair.

'Twas a curtain of exquisite texture,
To be made for the Prince of the land.
In months past this service of love
Was entrusted to this weaver's hand.

Now the last day is come,
Now is the hour drawing near
When the care-worn toiler must bow
To her master in reverent fear.

With the greatest of care and patience,
Must the woman guide the loom,
That the morrow may find it completed—
Made ready for his royal home.

How deftly she plies the shuttle,
As only an artist can ;
Then reversing, continues the motion,
And repeats it again and again.

Prettily mingle the colors,
As in the design they are blended ;
Pleasing beyond compare,
The beauty the pattern presented.

United in charming effect
Are the many varied hues ;
The lightest tints and the shades,
Dainty pink to the deepest blues.

But, ah! the thread has broken :
Yet 'twill be mended with care,
And the Prince, admiring the grace
Of the piece, worked out with care,

Scarce will notice the tiny blemish,
Will o'erlook the little fault,
As he views with kindest approval
The curtain so wondrously wrought.

Again and again, threads are broken,
But each is mended with skill,
Till at last the piece is completed,
And the weaver awaits her lord's will.

Day dawns, and the brightness of morning
Has hope in its every ray ;
Seems whispering to the weaver,
"Woman, the Prince comes this day."

There's a knock at the door of the cottage,
And with reverence humble and meet,
She receives 'neath her roof the great Prince,
And the curtain she spreads at his feet.

Slowly he drinks in the beauty,
And feasts on its loveliness fair ;
Then raises his kindly glance,
Till it rests on the weaver there.

“Woman, well have you done,
And will have for your toil due reward.”
But e’en as he speaks these kind words,
She knelt at the feet of her lord.

“Master, do not speak so ;
I would it were better made,
I would ’twere without one blemish,
Faultless in each tint and shade.

“But you have not seen that flaw,
And the thread has been broken here ;
And there is another defect,
Tho’ I fixed each, as I thought, with care.

“There the colors are not so well blended ;
Many another fault I see ;
Heaven knows how hard I have tried,
Pray, be not angry with me.”

Low bows the head of the weaver,
Tears come to her heavy eyes ;
Then the Prince addresses the woman,
And gently he bids her arise.

“Alas! you see each imperfection,
The smallest fault and break ;
But in one whole pattern of beauty,
Should I censure for one mistake?

“Patiently have you labored,
Toiled on with unceasing care ;
To reprove for a snap of a thread
Would indeed be unjust and unfair.”

Each one of us is a weaver,
Guiding the loom of his life,
Weaving in light and shade,
Weaving in joy and strife.

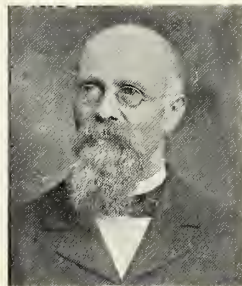
And whether the warp of our lives
Seems dark in its shadow and gloom,
Or bright in the sunshine of peace,
’Tis a heavenly plan—not our own.

Then turn not away, but in courage weave on,
Thy true efforts exalted shall be
In the eyes of the Father of Love,
When He cometh, thy life work to see.

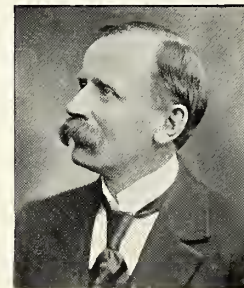
... Board of Education ...



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ORATION—"Night Brings Out the Stars."

Samuel Roy Beal.



WHEN we judge events of which we have had no part in the creation, we are prone to consider them simply from their outward appearance or apparent effect. He who has inherited a vast fortune cannot appreciate the cost and self-denial involved in its accumulation. The universal love of fame and the general desire to be known of men has likewise prejudiced public estimation regarding the relative importance of different epochs of history. A certain epoch is accounted successful by the number of human stars in its history. With what trembling hands and eager eyes we turn the pages of that period of history wherein is recorded the deeds of Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln. There is hardly a school boy who does not have the names of these men constantly held up to him as the goal for his ambitions. But let us examine the periods in which these men lived, to decide whether such periods are really as successful as they seem, whether they are times in which we ourselves would like to live.

The stars of the historical, like those of the celestial universe, may be grouped into a few great constellations. The stars of the first constellation appearing way back in the hazy dawn of history, are so dim and indistinct that we know but

little about them. Among the brighter of this group are Moses, David, Solomon, Sargon, the Pharaohs of Egypt, Cyrus the Elder, Darius and Xerxes. The second constellation appears between five and three hundred years before Christ. In this group may be mentioned Miltiades, Themistocles, Pericles, Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, Demosthenes and the Ptolemies of Egypt. A little later comes the great Roman constellation, Scipio, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, and the Carthaginian, Hannibal.

But let us hasten to that modern constellation of stars in which we are most interested, with which we are best acquainted. Here we find Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, Bismarck, Washington, Grant, Sherman, Burke, Patrick Henry, Lincoln, Webster, Calhoun and Clay. These are brilliant stars, and their native countries, in their pride of vanity forgetting the cost, are proud to contribute their names to the world's history. But let us stop to consider the tremendous loss that must be sustained to create even one of the least of these. Consider the homes they have made desolate, the widows they have caused to mourn, the numberless orphans they have created. Would any of us be willing to live in the dark, bloody period just before the rise of Napoleon, times when neither life nor property was safe, a period which drained France of its very life blood; times when men were rulers one day and guillotined the next. Yet out of this ter-

rible night flashed the dazzling meteor, Napoleon. Wellington and Nelson cost the British nation the flower of her manhood for the privilege of putting their names in history. The great Chancellor, Bismarck, has been aptly called "The Man of Blood and Iron." His own words, "I have caused the death of eighty thousand men; eighty thousand widows may justly cry to me for bread," aptly describes what it cost the German nation to place this star in the world's firmament.

The names Washington and Patrick Henry are synonymous with the Revolutionary War. With Washington is associated Valley Forge; with Patrick Henry, the Stamp Act. The names Webster, Calhoun and Clay suggest the turbulent times preceding the Civil War: times of sectional jealousies and mighty forensic strifes in Congress. A little later comes the dark, cloudy Civil War, a war in which one part of a nation is desperately trying to destroy the other—father fighting against son, brother against brother, the very home divided against itself. Yet out of this terrible night shine forth the bright stars, Lincoln, Grant and Sherman. It is impossible to see the stars except as the world is wrapped in darkness. Lincoln, Grant and Sherman would never have become visible stars but for the Civil War.

While we do not see the stars in the day time, will anyone doubt that they are still shining on? The darker the night, the brighter the gleam of the stars; the darker the

period in history, the more brilliant and the more numerous stars.

But let us consider some period in history in which few bright stars are visible, such as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The reign of good Queen Bess is one of the most prosperous and progressive in English History. The reign of Queen Victoria is an equally good example. The stars of either period can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. To bring the example nearer home: take, for instance, Gen. Grant's administration. No administration has been more uniformly successful than this, yet the number of stars in this period is very small. These were times when no man was especially great, but when every man was truly great.

The question is often asked: "Do we have capable men among us at the present time?" In answer I would say, "Do you expect to see the stars in the day time?" It is just as reasonable to look for stars while the sun is shining as to look for history making men in prosperous times. I do not mean to infer that social upheavals and wars are unnecessary, but I wish to emphasize the fact that the number of stars in a period is no criterion by which to judge of the prosperity of that period. We would hardly wish for night simply that we might see the stars. The stars are ever shining, but the glorious sun of happiness and prosperity, at the present time, dulls their rays.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Jessie L. Strong.



PALMISTRY has been studied, horoscopes configured, the rules and principles of phrenology declaimed, in fact researches have been made into all scientific lore, each effort seeking the same goal, the portrayal of the future. For weeks I have meditated on this question; have, indeed, subjected it to a logical course of study; but not until last night did I attempt its proof. I have been reasoning in some way like this: suppose that all the people whom one will meet during life be held together by an invisible bond of mutual attraction, that in the mind of each be imprinted his own career and the character and vocations of all those with whom he comes in contact; then if something could picture out these personalities, thus making the mind's thoughts comprehensible to the mind itself, the future could be read like an open book. Last evening, preparing this miniature cuvette, which contains a waxy substance of great reflective power, I attempted (by way of an experiment) to read my own destiny. After I had gazed into the depths of this vessel a few seconds, an image began faintly but clearly to appear. Just then, however, the door of my room was thrown open and an intruder rudely broke in on my musings. Now I shall take up my work again and endeavor to read my own fate. If successful

in this task, I shall then look for the destinies of my several classmates.

What is this I see? Can it be possible that I've discovered a pathway into the future? Is it—yes, it is—a likeness of myself; but it seems fading away. I can now distinguish only its faint outlines. Our theory, however, is an established fact. The future can be read. My own destiny I've failed to see; but now, O Muses, picture to me the fates of the Class of '99.

A picture becomes clearer and clearer before me: a room in an old tenement house such as suggests foul air unfit to breathe; and outside—a hall, dark and dingy, reached only by three or four flights of narrow, dusty stairs, waving and creaking beneath even the lightest tread. In one corner on a rude pallet of straw lies a child whose pale, wan face looks appealingly into that of a man kneeling beside her. This man is Wilfred Byron Shaw, a physician who, while many of his patients are of high social rank, yet loves to wander down into the slums of the city and relieve a portion of the suffering which attends such a place.

This image fades. Now I behold an auditorium crowded to overflowing. The curtain rises and with majestic stride Mlle. Greene marches to the footlights. With head thrown upward and pose self-assured she stands before them. The entire feminine portion of the audience bend forward with eager

expectation, for she is the long heralded speaker on Woman's Rights.

My curiosity increases. Another scene appears: a small but prettily furnished room, as much like a sitting room as one for study; in it are Miss Lucy Galloway and Miss Adeline Dyer, surrounded by a group of little blind children whom they are teaching.

This also vanishes. Next I behold a faculty meeting of some university. Prominent among these men is Roy Beal. Yes, at another glance, I can readily see he is president of the institution. What a mark he has made for himself! This is a position which stands for positive attainment. No mere forensic brilliancy can compensate for deficiencies of learning. A man may be president of the United States without being a scholar, but he can not be president of a college without wide scholastic attainment.

And what is this? A copy of the "Noank Review." I think I'll read a little of it. "Noank Review, Aug. 30, 1910, published and edited by Leon H. Treat. Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter." What's this? "Great Slaughter in Men's Furnishing Goods, preparatory to receiving New Fall Styles. Everything must go. Call and see us. F. R. Saul & Co." Some more news. "At the Episcopal parsonage to-morrow evening will be held the first of a series of concerts," etc. Why! these names are interesting. "The rector's wife, Mrs. Simpson, will open the entertainment with a vocal solo." Here is a reading by Miss Ida Lefford. I see also that Miss Belle Collins is down for a piano solo.

Well, well, this is indeed interesting: "Miss Florence Bennett and Miss Sadie Edwards left this afternoon for San

Francisco, whence they will sail on Saturday for Japan. Miss Edwards has entered the missionary field, and Miss Bennett is to perfect herself in the Japanese language."

Here is another advertisement: "Miss Nellie O'Neill, Teacher of French. Private lessons, \$1.00. Public classes Wednesdays and Fridays, 50c." And if Mr. Shattuck isn't a literary man! "Mr. Shattuck's latest detective story, "His Ignominious Death," which has been so well received in our own country, has been recently translated into French. Its reception into European literary circles is an almost assured fact, and we congratulate Mr. Shattuck on his deserved success."

The paper vanishes, and now—a storm just off a rocky coast. Terrible waves are sweeping into a vessel, whose bulwarks are already three parts washed away. Passengers are running excitedly to and fro on deck. In one of these I recognize Katherine McCarthy. She is clinging anxiously to the rail, gazing out over the angry waters at the life-saving crew which can be seen just leaving the distant shore. Another friend, I perceive the captain, Charles James, clinging to the mast. He seems to be giving orders to cast off the boats already crowded. The picture grows dimmer and dimmer—it fades away. Were they saved or not? Alas, we cannot tell. But another scene is taking its place.

Seated before a drawing table which is covered with the plans of some immense structure he is building, is Clarence Wilcox. Stealing down slanting ladders of floating dust, tremulous rays of sunlight illumine a desk piled high with mail, and pattern a wall hung with photographs of the different buildings which have marked the progress of his engineering career.

And now—a view of a temple, yes, some great temple in Egypt! The whole is more or less in ruins. But now the work of restoration is begun under the supervision of George Reynolds. With fully three hundred natives under his direction, he is repairing the crumbling base of a column.

This view vanishes, while another appears: before a shop window are messengers and newsboys vying with one another for a glimpse of a photograph. Passing in and out of the store a fashionably dressed throng is eagerly hurrying to procure a picture, or bearing one carefully away. It is a likeness of Miss Mabel Hornby whose fame as a monologue artist is recognized throughout the country. The likeness is a fine one, and the dark green card mount bears the inscription "Therese Kisinger, Photographer."

Miss Hattie Rowley is standing by a table, cutting out paper patterns for the amusement and instruction of the some thirty little ones attending the kindergarten. Every now and then she glances warningly over her room. About ten of her flock are enjoying a recreation in one corner, building little block houses on a table, near which Evelyn Force is standing ready to quell any little controversies which may arise.

Why! This now seems to be our own "County Fair." It's one side of a horticultural hall, festooned with garlands of grapes hung on a wall made of wheat. Pumpkins and squash of immense size are artistically arranged on a slanting shelf, before which, leaning over its protecting rail, is Miss, or she who was, Miss Bertha Love. She is not alone; a man, easily recognized, is by her side. Their enthusiasm and delight increases as they behold four different varieties of squash with

a blue ticket attached to each. Now this vision disappears. What is this?

The friendship between Miss Alice Brown and Oraella Remmele still continues, and their lives bid fair to be happy. For before me is a corner of a conservatory. Admirers, some with aspect stern, others light-hearted and gay, are grouped about these young women, as inseparably connected with their lives as the clinging petals are to the budding rose.

Now, a truly bachelor's apartments. The walls are hung with war relics and trophies of the chase. At the farther side is a mantel whose shelf is loaded with photographs, souvenirs, etc. At the left is a Turkish corner, richly decorated, indeed. The drapery is of priceless tapestry, caught up at the center of the enclosing arch by the teeth of a grinning skull. A table, rug, and a Turkish divan form the interior. On this divan, with its many pillows so dexterously arranged that his feet are on a level with his head, is Jerome Moran, leading a life of ease and luxury. Through the half-drawn draperies of the other side, another apartment can be seen as richly, yet much more simply furnished. A glass door opens out of this room. It is lettered in black and reads k-r-a-p. Ah! I'm reading backward—it is P-a-r-k. R. C. Park, Oil Inspector, private office.

Again, a few wheelmen are picking their way along a crowded thoroughfare. The sidewalks, too, are thronged. There I recognize a familiar face, Elva Kingsbury's. Across the street, standing at the windows of their dental rooms are Verna Wiggins and Tressie Rogers. They also are gazing up the street as if impatiently awaiting something of great moment. Two mounted policemen, in one of whom I recog-

nize Grant Davis, appear. The crowd draws back to make way for first the band, then—But who is that leading? Seaton Norcross, to be sure. Now he has passed beyond my view, while a few boys on foot appear, each bearing some such placard as this: "Largest Animal Show in the World." "Westerman's Famous Circus." Now, in the foreground the crowd separates for an instant. A man has fallen. Slowly again they are gathering round, when a person with an air of authority pushes his way through. It is Dr. Charles Morden, who, dropping his cane and medicine case beside him, bends over

the prostrate man.

That vision fades away. But no others appear. Can it be that the destinies of all my classmates have been foretold? It must be so. Would you know more of your future? I, too, have burned in desire to question these visions farther, but they have made themselves air, into which they have vanished. Are you disappointed that the future holds in store for you no more of happiness, no more of prosperity? Wise, indeed, was he who said: "Nothing can bring thee happiness, save thyself."

Class Musician.

Hattie Florence Rowley.



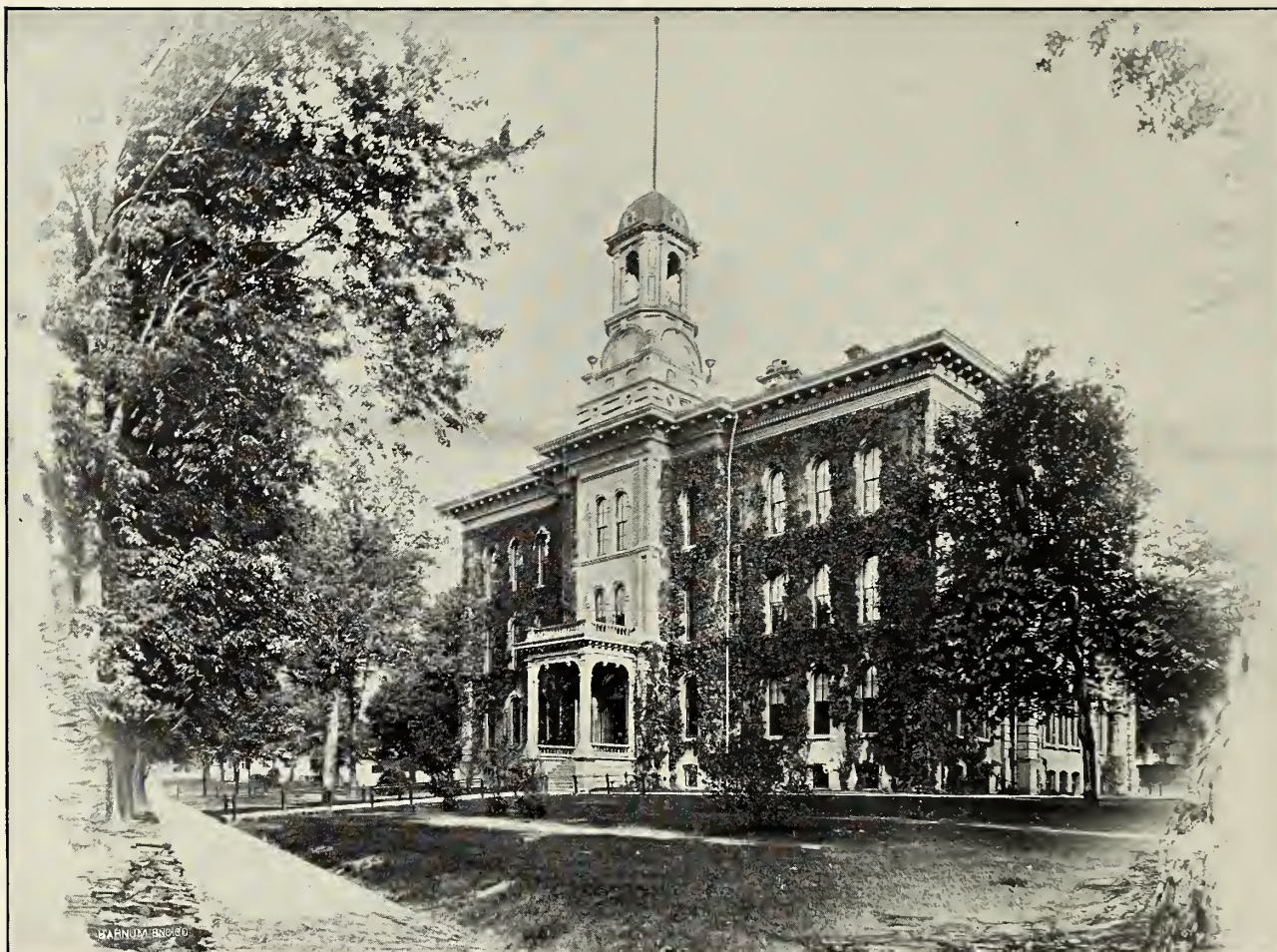
Miss Hattie Rowley, as Class Musician, played "Invitation a la Valse—*C. M. Von Weber*"—at the Class Day Exercises.

Class Reciter.

E. Mabel Hornby.



Miss E. Mabel Hornby was chosen by the class as Reciter. On Class Day she gave the selection, "Hannah Jane."



CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

....CLASS OFFICERS....



Chester A. Westerman, Vice Pres.



Clarence E. Wilcox, President.



Hattie Florence Rowley, Secretary.



Leon Henry Treat, Marshal.



Jerome N. Moran, Treasurer.

GRADUATING CLASS.

Latin Scientific Course.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Florence L. Bennett. | Sarah Elizabeth Edwards. |
| Evelyn Margery Force. | Lucy Emma Galloway. |
| Florence May Greene. | Robert Charles Park. |
| Margaret Oraella Remmele. | George Ware Reynolds. |
| Hattie Florence Rowley. | Wilfred Byron Shaw. |
| Jessie Louise Strong. | Leon Henry Treat. |



Scientific Course.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Alice Mae Brown. | Jessie Belle Collins. |
| Ella Mabel Hornby. | Charles Leo James. |
| Therese Helena Kisinger. | Mary Bertha Love. |
| Jerome Nelson Moran. | Charles B. Morden. |
| Seaton A. Norcross. | Harold Leon Simpson. |
| Chester Ariel Westerman. | Clarence Edward Wilcox. |



English and German Course.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Samuel Roy Beal. | Adeline Levina Dyer. |
| Ida Florence Lefford. | Tressie Jane Rodgers. |
| Laverna May Wiggins. | |



English and Latin Course.

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Grant Train Davis. | Charles R. Shattuck. |
|--------------------|----------------------|

English Course.

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Frank Robert Saul. | Nellie Abbie O'Neill. |
|--------------------|-----------------------|



Commercial Course.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Katherine Marie McCarthy. | Elva Luella Kingsbury. |
|---------------------------|------------------------|



MOTTO—"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

COLORS—Brown and gold.

FLOWER—Ox-eyed daisy.



High School Yell.

A! H! S! Biff! Boom! Bah!
A! H! S! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Whoop! Hurrah! Whoop Hurrah!
Adrian High School! Rah! Rah! Rah!



Class Yell.

Rickety! Rackety! Rhine!
We're the class of ninety-nine;
Boom ta ra rum,
Out of sight;
Adrian High School,
We're all right.



Class of '00.

Fannie Carey
Mina Cole
Jennie Collins
May Consaul
Evelyn Curtis
Alice Dyer
Louise Emery
Myrtella Harkness
Merle Johnson
Josephine McIntyre
Florence Meyerhuber
Jennie Potts
Myrtia Raymond
Lora Robinson
Elizabeth Smith
Gertrude Tallman
Edna Walker
Lillian Woodford
Mina Redfield
Florence Haynes
Julia Brown
Frank Boyd

Will Childs
Robert Darnton
Frank Finch
Edmund Fogg
Herbert French
Hubert Gander
Perry Gotham
Edwin Humphrey
Harvey Linsner
Segur McLouth
Robert Phillips
Verne Rice
Paul Rynd
Harry Smith
Kenneth Dalton
Irene Holloway
Homer Page
Stella Smith
Howard Swift
Edwin Townsend
Bessie Walker



JUNIOR CLASS.

Class of '01.

Otto Baisch
Robert Cornell
Joseph Libs
Arthur Palmer
Will Parker
Fred Ritter
Joseph Schwab
Charles Seiffer
Fred Willett
Roland Barrett
George Clapp
Bruce Crowe
Stanley Gander
Walter Gussenbauer
Harry Hawley
Harold Hunt
Samuel King
Glenn Knapp
Arthur Kuncy
Arthur Matthes
David Metcalf

Dwight Sampson
Jephtha Schureman
Chauncey White
Bertha Baker
Lena Clark
Edna Carey
Mary Carnahan
Helen Carpenter
Mildred Comstock
Myrtle Craig
Dorothy Dalton
Anna Laura Fisk
Anna Gunsolus
Nora Gibbs
Bertha Jacob
Emma Jorge
Edith Knowles
Floy Lawrence
Carrie Lehman
Jessie Linsner

Nellie McDonald
Arthur Palmer
Harry Rapp
Alec Ryder
Claudia McKinster
Bernice Merwin
Maud Mosher
Grace Alverson
Mary Channer
Carrie Colbath
Helen Jewell
Leila Lowe
Vic Nash
Howard Norcross
Edith Pidgeon
Gertrude Payne
Lizzie Sack
Susie Schureman
Blanche Stieglitz
Bertha Taylor



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Class '02.

audrey eddy
vera wilcox
margaret wickter
unella washburn
edwina wheeler
nellie walker
mary thompson
mae sutton
nina robb
leora packard
virginia stearns
hazel rhodes
bertha shaw
maud riley
minnie raynor
nora parker
jennie reynolds
frances quick
esther o'Neill
bessie oram
clara morse
channing beal

hazel mason
alma nash
hope michener
annie kisinger
ella knupp
jennie ladd
mae livesay
florencia kayner
florencia johnson
mae jackson
maude jordan
dora johnson
burney fulton
mary dunn
alva haight
georgette gough
bertha graham
allie collins
elizabeth freytag
katherine force
mary edwards
hattie carpenter

leland bean
harry bradley
abraham dershem
frank cummins
walter buechner
maurice dewey
wallace force
arthur griffith
george grandon
walter hale
ray haviland
floyd haynes
george henig
francis keeney
judd kelly
george lindvall
reuben king
caroline curtis
bessie casper
douglas crane
ray baker
percy short

charles wilson
lola browne
marguerite ashling
jennie barber
edna bittinger
elsie hubbard
homer michener
harry michener
louis mc clure
fred park
walter nash
charles navin
somers smith
ralph symonds
perry tayer
harry tompson
harry van doren
leslie westerman
harold withers
lee shumway
ralph kirk
la vern bassett



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Manual Training in the Public Schools.

AS a people, we Americans are industrial. The heart and soul of our nation fosters and encourages skilled handiwork. We respect and admire both the smithy at his anvil, and the sculptor before his marble. It is not the kind of work so much as the manner of working. "The essence of all good work is the life put into it. The soul makes an object a work of art." As an incentive to keep this respect for manual labor always a characteristic of our glorious country, a way of giving knowledge of these trades must be provided; for with knowledge comes respect. The manual training school, or Sloyd method, fills this need. As a progressive people, we have heartily adopted this system, sent to us from over the sea; it has become a part of our school creed, and it has come to stay.

The manual training school is said to have been first established in Sweden, although Russia also claims the distinction. Besides being found in these two countries, it is also widely used at present in Germany, Switzerland, Finland, France and America. It proposes to offset the strain resulting from the great amount of mental work commonly required in the schools; to strengthen physical powers; to teach precision, cleanliness, order and attention. Its aim seems, and is, a broad one, but as yet it has not failed in any particular to gain tangible results, and to bring into a closer relation the "knowing and doing." Its object is not only to make the student familiar with materials and methods, but by cultivating the habit of accurate and thoughtful work—to develop all his faculties.

The instruction given in the manual training school consists of three main branches. The simple tool processes, the domestic arts, and a most thorough course in drawing which occupies nearly one-half the time of training. This work in Sloyd should be first taken up in the kindergarten, and continued through the various grades and High School. In this way, an early and lasting respect for handiwork, as well as the general knowledge of manual labor, is imparted to the pupil. He early learns to think and act for himself, to rightly value the skill of others as well as his own, and to realize both man's self-dependence and inter-dependence.

The benefits derived from a good course in manual training cannot be over-estimated. As one has said, "it puts the whole boy to school," and provides the connecting link between theory and practice, substituting realities for mere words, personal experience for the recorded experience of another. A student in a manual training school does not necessarily become a mechanic, but through the intelligence and skill required in such a school, he is the better equipped for a higher education. It is highly possible that he may not earn his bread through such accomplishments, since dexterity in the use of tools is held secondary, while mastery of principles is primary.

However, for those who do look forward to an industrial occupation, it broadens the field of labor, inspiring them to be self-sufficient. Whatever line of work he may choose, he is sure to do much better because of the training he has received,

requiring, as it did, reason and study, rather than imitation or copy-work. He has put theory to the practical test; he has developed his common sense and judgment; he has had his own experience, rather than the experience of others; all of which enables him to climb more quickly the ladder of success.

To the girl graduate it means no contempt of household duties and responsibilities; it means no distaste for the more homely tasks of every-day life. It does mean, moreover, an increased respect for industry, and a broad knowledge of the management of a home.

There are many who expect to earn a living by some trade; and, if they see no manual training school ahead, they are most apt to leave school before graduating. This is no small consideration, for that which keeps one at school longer must be of some consequence. The withdrawal of many students even before entering the High School can be traced directly to a lack of some sort of industrial training.

The moral influence also is very great. An occupation which fully absorbs one's attention is a great safeguard of morality. In this respect the manual training keeps one out of mischief, and furnishes agreeable work. Such employment has great power to soften and refine rudeness, and to engage

the attention of those whom a common High School course could not interest.

As yet Adrian lacks this important department. We believe we are most fortunate in having such excellent educational opportunities, and we may rightfully boast of our superior advantages. Nevertheless our greatest need, at the present time, is the manual department. A system in Sloyd put within the reach of the pupils of the public schools would be of inestimable value. A manual training school in Adrian would mean a better and more practical education for the students now in the school; would attract many who are now on the point of leaving, to continue their development, and draw in many who at present have no desire to be within the four walls.

And this increase in the school attendance suggests the question now being agitated—that of a new High School building. It is without doubt a need as well as a want, because of the overcrowded condition of the High School, and the increasing inconveniences resulting from it. Then, too, the physical injury caused by climbing the stairs would be done away with by having a ground floor High School.

With these improvements, Adrian would be in the foremost ranks of the army of progress.

F. L. B.



Athenæum.

AN important feature of the work of the High School is the literary societies. A great amount of good has been accomplished through them, and doubtless their influence will be the better appreciated in time to come.

The Athenæum Literary Society holds a secure place in the regard of its members, both active and honorary. Many a pleasant hour has been spent listening to the Friday programs, which serve as welcome respites from study. The management of the program is left to an executive committee composed of three of the students, including the president, and the three teachers assigned to the society.

The programs this year have carried no one plan throughout, but have varied as the occasion seemed to demand. At the start the idea was to present, in an interesting way, the histories of the great nations in as many programs; to picture

the rise and fall of Persia, of Greece, Rome and others. This was carried out in part, with programs of a different nature interspersed. National holidays, occurrences of universal interest, war problems and the like suggested many of the programs.

While much of the work is recitations, written reviews and selections from well-known authors and magazines, nevertheless, the aim is to have at least one original paper. The amount of school work required prevents the preparation of any elaborate oration, and the informal debate takes its place. Ease before an audience, and a more ready command of language are the tangible results obtained from this sort of work.

On the whole, the Athenæum Literary Society occupies a prominent place in the work of the Adrian High School.



... OFFICERS ...

FIRST SEMESTER.

ROBERT DARNTON, President.

FRANK FINCH, Vice President.

HATTIE ROWLEY, Secretary.

EDWIN HUMPHREY, Treasurer.

BERTHA LOVE, Critic.

MINA REDFIELD, Editor-in-Chief.

MILDRED COMSTOCK, Marshal.

SECOND SEMESTER.

LEON SIMPSON, President.

EDWIN HUMPHREY, Vice President.

FLORENCE BENNETT, Secretary.

FRANK FINCH, Treasurer.

GEORGE REYNOLDS, Critic.

GERTRUDE PAYNE, Editor-in-Chief.

HAROLD HUNT, Marshal.



THE PHILOMATHEAN, lovers of learning, Society has been organized five years. Its literary exercises are given every two weeks, on Friday afternoon, beginning at two o'clock. The programs, at first, consisted generally of reviews of the lives of great poets, novelists or statesmen; recitations and readings from their writings; and the society paper, "The Philomathean Crescent." Now, while the original plan is carried out in part, there are many debates in which the whole society and school have an interest and voice. Thus there is more freedom, and less formality of expression. There has been no particular subject this year, each program being complete in itself.

The business meetings, too, have undergone a change. During the last semester of this year, parliamentary drill has been a very important feature. Different members have been called

upon to preside, after the regular business has been transacted. No minutes are taken while the society is thus resolved into a committee of the whole, but the questions which are brought up occasion a great deal of argument among the members, and all are necessarily made familiar with parliamentary rules.

In the executive meetings, although the teachers have general supervision, the president and his assistants are allowed perfect freedom in originality of ideas and treatment of subjects.

The society has also been a stimulus to, and a preparation for, the State High School Oratorical Association which Adrian High School joined three years ago.

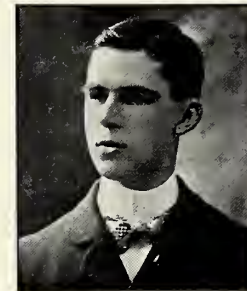
On the whole the society does and should hold a very important position in the required work of our High School.

E. M. F.



PHILOMATHEAN

... OFFICERS ...



FIRST SEMESTER.

ROBERT C. PARK, President.

LAVERNA WIGGINS, Vice President.

MERLE JOHNSON, Secretary.

CHARLES JAMES, Treasurer.

MAY CONSAUL, Critic.

HELEN JEWELL, Editor-in-Chief.

SAMUEL KING, Sergeant-at-Arms.

SECOND SEMESTER.

CHARLES JAMES, President.

GLENN KNAPP, Vice President.

LOUISE EMERY, Secretary.

EARL RANDALL, Treasurer.

EVELYN FORCE, Critic.

FLORENCE HAYNES, Editor-in-Chief.

CHARLES SEIFFER, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Ideal High School.

"The High School is the people's college," and it should be the aim of the people to so care for and improve the High School that when their sons and daughters are graduated therefrom, they will be prepared to go out into the world and earn a livelihood; or, if they so desire, to proceed to some greater institution of learning and fit themselves for broader and higher spheres of influence. Until this is done, the High Schools of our state and county will not be accomplishing all in their power and within their proper scope.

The first consideration, one to be always kept in mind, is that no expense is too great, no tax levy too burdensome, no appropriation too large, which advances a single step the education of the common people. There are two principal classes who do not attend the High School: The first class is composed almost entirely of boys, who, from dislike, inherited perhaps from a long line of illiterate ancestors, or from sheer excess of animal spirit, become disgusted with the mechanical routine of the grades, and leave school as soon as the law will allow. Would it not be well to so amend our compulsory school laws that they shall require a certain amount of creditable work, rather than any definite amount of time spent in school? This, however, would be a great hardship to those who are obliged to leave school to earn their own living, and often, to help support others. This is the larger and, by far, the more deserving class. It would be both impossible and undesirable for the state to support these people while they are obtaining an education, but there are now established two

institutions under private control—correspondence and night schools, which the state might easily adopt into the present system, and thereby furnish to everyone an opportunity to acquire an education, whatever his station or circumstances might be.

But are our High Schools ready for this increased work and responsibility? At present they do nothing completely except prepare their students for further study, and only a small percentage are able to attend colleges or the University.

No one can obtain a responsible business position without a course in some business school or an equivalent training in the office. In many of our schools two years are now spent in the study of bookkeeping. If to this course were added two years in which the pupil could study the practical side of business, the great, far-reaching principles which underlie and govern the world of commerce, business men would not hesitate to give positions of trust and honor to pupils who had pursued this line of work.

Again, there is probably a larger percentage of High School graduates who enter the profession of teaching, than any other definite line of work. The calling of a teacher is a high one, and should not be entered into lightly, nor without some practice under the guidance of an experienced teacher. How much better it would be if, to those who desired it, were given the opportunity to go into the grades; there to learn, by the best possible means—actual practice—the thousand-and-one little things which go to make up a successful teacher, and

which can never be learned in any other way. Two more years spent in this work, together with a more leisurely pursuit of some of the most important studies, now crowded into six months or a year, and one or two more subjects, designed to develop the perceptive and reasoning faculties, would enable our High School to send forth broad-minded, quick-witted teachers, in every way qualified to instruct and develop the young and vigorous minds of our country.

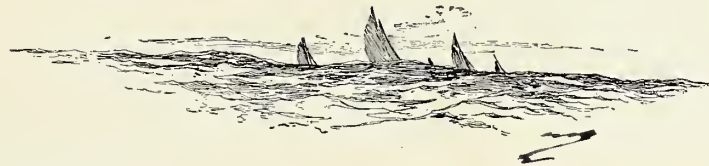
The ideal High School is yet afar off. It is, however, always a wise plan to have, in our minds, a picture of that for which we are striving. The perfection of instruction is attained when the teacher is able to become personally acquainted with each individual under his charge, and minister to the individual needs of each. This cannot be done so long as a teacher is required to hear the recitations of from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pupils in one day.

"The little red school house" is considered the founda-

tion stone of American liberty; and such it is; for there the teacher is enabled to come close to the students, and to give to each the particular aid he requires. If, in our High Schools, there were a room in which each teacher might spend at least two hours each day with the pupils, becoming acquainted with each person, and teaching social graces as well as intellectual, a charm would be given to school life and a culture to the students, which would go a great way toward removing some of the social problems now vexing the minds of the people.

It should be our aim to so enlarge the scope of our schools, that, in the future, the artisan, the man or woman who earns his or her living by manual labor, may possess the education requisite to the proper understanding and enjoyment of the common things placed round about us, thereby lightening our labors, and encouraging us ever to strive toward better things.

G. T. D.





PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Public Library.

IN the public school library, the young people who do not have magazines at home can enjoy standard current literature; here are the materials for rounding out our school work; and here we may wander with travelers through churches and abbeys of the middle ages, visit the Parthenon and listen to the modern service in the ancient Pantheon; understand, as in no other way, "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." For the library is to us, ocean voyage, gondola, Alpine trip, and a visit to the Sphinx. It is railroad ticket and eyes; for even if we were present in the midst of those wonderful scenes we would not see all that those writers see for us. In these books we get a nearer view of authors, and closer acquaintance with them by such visits to their homes and the scenes they have pictured.

Within these walls, in the quiet atmosphere of the reading room, we read the story of the Goths, the Huns, and all those storied facts that people history with real personages, and give life and vividness to unadorned statements, and to hard reasons.

Twenty years ago the citizens of Adrian did not have these advantages. The Public School Library was situated on the third floor of the Central School Building, in what is now the Senior room. To secure access to these books, the people were obliged to climb three flights of stairs. As this was very difficult, the public preferred to draw books at the Ladies' Library, situated, at that time, in the Conger block, for which privilege they were required to pay one dollar a year. The

Ladies' Library Association finally offered to donate the library to the Board of Education for the benefit of the Public Schools, provided the library could be located on the ground floor of a building in the central part of the city. The offer was accepted, and the ground floor of the City Hall was secured at a nominal rent.

Besides an abundance of imaginative literature, the library contains many thousand volumes of interesting and instructive reading. This is being increased each year, and we may be thankful for the liberal appropriations made by the citizens to its support. While the public most appreciate the alcoves of United States history and literature, the constant aim of the committee is to make each department complete, and to stimulate literary taste along all lines.

What an influence must go out from the library with those books! An average of one hundred and seventy-five volumes a day, absorbed by the citizens of Adrian! There are innumerable instances in which books are consulted at the library, and of which no record is kept.

Indeed, one of the highest aims is to divert the recreative reading of the community into better channels—to replace light literature with the works of standard authors, and gradually to elevate the ideals and sentiments of the people. There has been ready perception of the truth, that one's memory can not be better developed than by association with an institution so popular, so elevating, and so refining as the Public Library.

V. W.



WILFRED B. SHAW.



GEORGE W. REYNOLDS.

High School Oratorical Contest.

THE third annual High School Oratorical Contest was held in the Baptist church, March 16.

The seven contestants and their subjects were as follows:

| | | |
|--------------------------------|---------|-------------------------|
| All That Glitters is Not Gold, | - | Charles A. Wilson, '02 |
| Rome Was Not Built in a Day, | - - | Glenn Knapp, '01 |
| What is a Minority? | - - - | Perry M. Gotham, '00 |
| Enter Every Open Door, | - - | Evelyn M. Force, '99 |
| Filipino Libre, | - - - - | George W. Reynolds, '99 |
| Our Nation's Opportunity, | - - | Wilfred B. Shaw, '99 |
| Function of the Beautiful, | - - | Edwin B. Townsend, '00 |

Each class had at least one representative in the contest, and this fact served to make it one of the most interesting

events ever held in the high school.

The contest was very close between Wilfred Shaw, George Reynolds and Edwin Townsend.

It so happened that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Reynolds had, unknown to each other, chosen opposite sides of the question regarding the independence of the Filipinos, and this fact gave added interest.

The decision of the judges gave Mr. Shaw first place, and Mr. Reynolds second. The judges on thought and composition were Mrs. H. R. Clark, Capt. J. H. Fee and Rev. E. M. McMillin. The judges on delivery were Mrs. C. E. Weaver, Mr. D. B. Morgan and Lieut. L. H. Salsbury.

District Oratorical Contest.

THE third annual oratorical contest of the High Schools of our district was held at Hillsdale, April 7, 1899. The counties included in this district are as follows: Ingham, Jackson, Washtenaw, Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale and Branch. Representatives from the following High Schools participated in the contest at Hillsdale: Ypsilanti, Adrian, Hillsdale, Monroe, Mason and Tecumseh.

The winner of the contest was Miss Harriet Shafter Lee, of Mason. Our representative, Mr. Shaw, was accorded second place, ahead of Ypsilanti and Hillsdale, which were very ably represented by Messrs. Forsyth and Chestnut, respectively.

Adrian was present not only in the person of her representative, but she was also upheld by a large contingent of students and several of the teachers. Prof. Welch, as chairman of the executive committee, was also on hand. Most of those attending left Adrian on the noon train, arriving in Hillsdale a little after one o'clock. This crowd was composed entirely of boys, and they immediately began to demonstrate to the people of Hillsdale that there was such a place as Adrian. The time between their arrival and the hour for the reception which was accorded the visiting delegations, was spent in various ways. At the appointed hour, all repaired to the home of Miss Chapman, where the reception was held. The remainder of those who came from Adrian arrived on the late train, and came immediately to the reception. Among these were Miss Smith, Miss Stearns and Mr. Trowbridge. The

reception was a very pleasing affair, and was certainly very well arranged by those having it in charge.

The visitors were entertained over night by the teachers and students of the High School, and those who had already been assigned, went home with their host or hostess to supper before the contest. The others, that is, most of the boys, spent the time until eight o'clock, impressing upon the minds of the Hillsdalites that Adrian was still there, and liable to stay awhile.

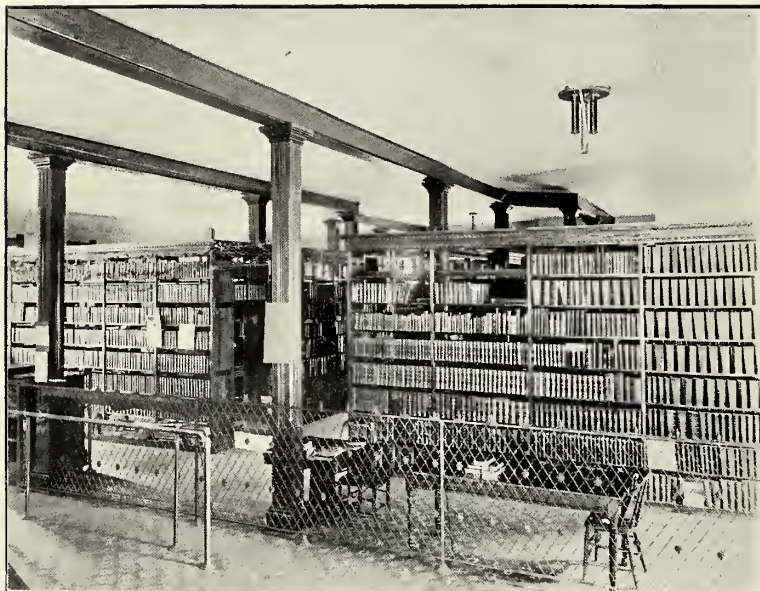
At eight o'clock all went to the church where the contest was to be held, and, finding the others there, all procured seats at the back of the church.

Here the fun began. The various delegations began cheering their respective representatives, and Adrian was not in the least backward in following their examples. Under the able leadership of Mr. Crane, the various yells of the High School were given with such enthusiasm as almost to drown the efforts of the others.

Those who had not been assigned places for the night were provided with places after the contest.

The greater part of our delegation returned on the early train the next morning. Some, however, for different reasons, remained over until the noon train.

All who attended report an excellent time, and the manner in which Hillsdale High School entertained us, and the kindness and hospitality shown us during our short stay were fully appreciated.



GENERAL VIEW OF LIBRARY.



SENIOR ROOM.



... "As Ithers See Us." ...

"Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

BERTHA LOVE.

"Many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear."

SENIOR ENGLISH CLASS.

"Alone sometimes she walked in secret,
Where to ruminate upon her discontent."

HELEN JEWELL.

"After them, all dancing in a row,
The comely virgins came, with garlands dight,
All fresh as flowers."

CANTATA GIRLS.

"Drest her again, genteel and neat,
And rather 'tight' than great."

MILDRED COMSTOCK.

"Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart."

ROBERT DARNTON.

"The demon Fashion never warped her soul."

NELLIE O'NEIL.

"What importance, and yet what modesty!"

GERTRUDE PAYNE.

"Sweetly does she speak and work."

VERNA WIGGINS.

"So soft his tresses, filled with trickling pearl,
You doubt his sex, and take him for a girl."

HAROLD O. HUNT.

"The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher, too."
channing beal.

"I dare not trust those eyes:
They dance in mists and dazzle with surprise."
nellie washburn.

"He seemed for dignity composed,
And high exploit:

HOMER PAGE.

"Along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers fame."

CLARENCE WILCOX.

"'Tis remarkable, that they talk most
Who have the least to say."

FLORENCE GREENE.

"Weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explained by unaffected eloquence."

S. ROY BEAL.

"Sentimentally, he is fond of music;
Organically, unable to carry a tune."

ED. FOGG.

To the Class of '99.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year;
When we, the seniors, now must leave
All that we hold so dear.

"The weeks and months have slipped away,
As fast, as fast could be,
While we've been climbing, step by step,
Commencement 'for to' see.

"But now we're weary of the din,
Which we ourselves have made;
And we bid good bye to the Senior room,
Where so many pranks were played.

"We were not as bad as some might think,
Although we do confess
That we a real good time did love,
As much as does our Jess.

"Our teacher sorry tales can tell
Of how we broke the rules;
But really, now, we do not think
We're worse than other 'skules.' "

"I was not born for courts or great affairs."
audrey eddy.

"Fair hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain."
IRENE HOLLOWAY.

"In every gesture, dignity and love."
FLORENCE MYERHUBER.

"I am a gentleman of blood and breeding."
FRANK BOYD.

"Oh, bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."
BLANCHE STIEGLITZ.

"The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains."
JESSIE STRONG.

"Thou runaway! thou coward! art thou fled?
Speak in some bush; where dost thou hide thy head?"
freshman.

"Her heart all virtue, as all charms her face."
mary edwards.

"Of simple beauty and rustic faith."
MYRTELLA HARKNESS.

"Like a furious gust of wind."
VERNE RICE.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth; in soul, sincere;
In actions, faithful, and in honor clear."
ED. TOWNSEND.

"Her hair was rolled in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and curious coronet."
JESSIE LINSNER.

"In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal."
florencia johnson.

"Do not wantonly my passion move:
I pardon nothing that relates to love."
FRANK BOYD.

"O, freedom! first delight of human kind!"
freshmen boys.

"And the large, musing eyes,
Neither joyous nor sorry,
Sing on, like the angel's
In separate glory."
ALICE BROWN.

"Her aim, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired."
BERTHA BAKER.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool."
charlie navin.

"Great souls, by instinct, to each other turn."
MARY CHANNER AND BESSIE SMITH.

"To your glad genius sacrifice this day.
Let common meats respectfully give way."
FRED RITTER.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."
BERTHA JACOBS.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."
maude holloway.

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout."
harold withers.

"Her hair down-gushing in an armful flows,
And floods her ivory neck,
And glitters as she goes."
LORA ROBINSON.

"Last night the very gods showed me a vision."
CHAS. MORDEN.

"Those smiling eyes, attempting ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent, with celestial day."
ORA REMMELE.

"Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropped down apace."
wallace force.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."
caroline curtis.

"In his own grace, he doth exalt himself."
ARTHUR PALMER.

"With dancing hair and laughing eyes."
MABEL HORNBY.

"I am not a maid; I would to heaven I were!"
CHARLIE SEIFFER.

"Comb down his hair;
Look! look! it stands upright."
CHARLIE SHATTUCK.

"I mourn the errors of my thoughtless youth,
And long, with thee, to tread the paths of truth."
JEROME MORAN.

"Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me."
NORA GIBBS.

"Lost to every gay delight."
BERNICE MERWIN.

"Well, who could have thought so innocent
a faee, could eover so much 'euteness."
CHESTER WESTERMAN.

"His manner, to be sure, was exeessive harmless."
ruby king.

"He only frets to keep himself employed,
And seolds for his private amusement."
CLARENCE WILCOX.

"Ye happy band of innocents."
freshmen.

"How I have ever taxed all my abilities, lest
the approbation of a single fool should escape me."
JESSIE TRUMAN.

"I sigh'd for fame, I languished for renown,
I would be flatter'd, prais'd, admir'd and known."
virginia stearns.

"I'm so distracted with a variety of passions,
That I don't know what I do."
JULIA BROWN.

"Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of
anything but joy."
LEILA LOWE.

"Happy man! You have talents and
art to eaptivate any woman."
FRANK BOYD.

"Your eandor, beauteous damsel, I approve."
alva haight.

"With heartfelt penitence we now deplore,
Those squander'd hours, that time can ne'er restore."
SENIORS.

"With joy we view the dangers we have past,
Assur'd we've found felieity at last."
freshmen, June 22.

"To shun fatigue, I made my only law."
nina robb.

"None knew a lovlier boy."
arthur griffith.

"To me, no joys could pomp or fame impart,
Far softer thoughts possess'd my virgin heart."
leora paekard.

"Ill would it suit my inexperienced age,
In such important questions to engage."
harry thompson.

"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear, maternal home."
perey short.

"If few their wants, their pleasures are but few."
freshmen.

"Time writes no wrinkles on her brow."
BERTHA TAYLOR.

"Too young for woe, but not for tears."
maurice dewey.

"Fair eyes and gentle wishes."
georgette gough.

"Ma, gimme a cent, I want to be tough."
ARTHUR KUNEY.

"Fairer than a field of flowers."
ORA REMMELE.

"What a big boy am I."
HOWARD SWIFT.

"Cute, but tough."
perry tayer.

"A maid tender, fair and happy."
TRESSIE ROGERS.

"Who could refrain, that had a heart to love,
And in that heart courage to make's love known."
OTTO BAISCH.

"'Tis true that she is much inclined
To chin and talk with all mankind."
lola brown.

"A little child, brown hair and wandering eyes."
george grandon.

"These are the times that try men's souls."
EDITORS' MEETINGS.

"He was a lovely youth."
george henig.

"Ye happy band of innocents."
freshmen.

"The ladies call him sweet."
leland bean.

"I have immortal longings in me."
douglas crane.

"God hath blessed you with a good name."
STELLA SMITH.

"I am not lean enough to be thought
a good scholar."
george lindvall.

"For man is a giddy thing,
And this is my conclusion."
EVA CURTIS.

"Though I am not naturally honest,
I am so sometimes by chance."
CHARLIE MORDEN.

"Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!"
MYRTLE CRAIG.

"Handsomest fellow, heaven bless him,
Setting the girls wild to possess him."
ROBERT PHILLIPS.

"Her worth we emulate."

SUSIE SCHUREMAN.

"I am afraid to think what I have done."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

"You've angel faces, but heaven knows your hearts."

floyd haynes and louis mc clure.

"Their impudence confounds me."

freshmen.

"I never attempted to be impudent yet,
that I was not taken down!"

THERESE KISINGER.

"What was good was spontaneous,
his faults were his own."

CHAS. SHUTTUCK.

"What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!"

george lindvall.

"Tall; yet how divinely fair."

IDA LEFFORD.

"Short, but sweet."

LUCY GALLOWAY.

freshmen room, lately called the "paradise of fools."

"Grace was in her step, heaven in her eyes,
Every gesture dignity and love."

LOUISE EMERY.

"Wise from the top of his head up."

walter nash.

"I seem half ashamed at times to be so tall."

ray baker.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."

BELLE COLLINS.

"He goes to church on Sunday."

FRANK FINCH.

"I never felt the kiss of love,
nor maiden's hand in mine."

ROY BEAL.

"For Satan finds some mischief still
for idle hands to do."

dot ashling.

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

LEON TREAT.

"POLLY" G— as she sees "jum" m— with another girl:

"Of all sad words, of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

"A simple child that lightly draws his breath."

walter buechner.

"Speaking or mute, all comeliness
And grace attend thee."

MERLE JOHNSON.

"All faint and weary."

PERRY GOTHAM.

"Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death."

ED. FOGG.

"She hath a heart that's ever tender."

CARRIE LEHMAN.

"The world is mine."

VIRGINIA STEARNS.

"So sweet that babies cry for it."

SOMERS SMITH.

"Silence is golden, but some people don't know it."

HAZEL RHODES.
(there are others.)

"He is good, but would be more
proficient in being bad."

FRED PARK.

"The guilty man with an innocent look."

FRANCIS KEENEY.

"With a smile that is child-like and bland."

IRENE HOLLOWAY.

"With a charming heart within her."

ANNA LAURA FISKE.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

JEPHTHA SCHUREMAN.

"Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast."

MINA REDFIELD.

"Shy she was, and we thought her cold."

SADIE EDWARDS.

"As merry, as merry can be."

HATTIE ROWLEY.

"Slow, but sure."

MYRTIA RAYMOND.

"Both of his legs were longer than
they really ought to be."

HUBERT GANDER.

Side Talks, Etc. (Girls.)

By ANN HASHMORE.

J. Ladd.—I submitted the lock of your hair to several chemistry students for analysis, and all agree in pronouncing it blonde.

Polly Johnson.—Wait about two years.

I. Holloway.—Yes, men are horrid creatures. Consult your parents on such matters.

Bessie Oram.—Bashfulness is a virtue in a girl of your age.

... Miscellaneous "Ads." ...

Wants.

WANTED.—To escape the professor's wrath.

BABY TREAT.

WANTED.—A new piano with electrical attachment.

HIGH SCHOOL ROOM.

WANTED.—A waste basket (behind the pictures in High School Room.)

THE SOPHOMORE BOYS.

WANTED.—To make a good impression.

LILIAN WOODFORD.

WANTED.—A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse.
(In Virgil).

JESS STRONG.

WANTED.—An extended permit to include every afternoon in the week.

CHARLIE SHATTUCK.

WANTED.—A refined laugh.

douglass crane.

WANTED.—To be an angel.

IRENE HOLLOWAY.

WANTED.—Chaperons.

SOPHOMORES.

WANTED.—Several good nurses.

freshmen.

WANTED.—One hundred good excuses, already signed.

C. MORDEN.

AGENTS WANTED.—To canvas the city for our book,
"Sportsmen's Guide, or Trapping at Monroe."

PAGE AND WILCOX.

WANTED.—The earth.

JUNIORS.

WANTED.—By a young man with a year's experience on a H. S. Annual, an opportunity to revolutionize the college publication business. Address BUSINESS MANAGER.

For Sale or Rent.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A laugh that is guaranteed to be the latest thing out. Can be purchased at half price. My reason for selling being it keeps me awake nights.

d. b. crane.

FOR SALE.—A good pony, somewhat wind-broken through constant use.

LEON TREAT.

Lost and Found.

LOST.—A nice little heart. Has been broken, but is still in good running order.

JESSIE STRONG.

Announcements.

A GRAND

COMBINATION


OF WIT

AND TALENT.

CRANE & HUNT'S . . .

VAUDEVILLE AND VARIETY SHOW

Will exhibit at Lima
Northern Stock Yards.

 SPECIAL INDUCEMENT—ADMISSION 10c
(including beer check and wiener wurst coupon).

...Snide Talks With Boys...

Confidential Chats by Uncle Reuben Hashmore.

Fogg, Lindvall and Others.—It is against the rules to match pennies in the High School. You are too big for that. You should match nickels, to say the least.

Palmer.—It must have been annoying to have been mistaken for a girl when you first went out in your new bicycle suit. How funny that a young man should have tried to flirt with you. It is very naughty to flirt, and I hope you gave him no encouragement.

Moran.—If you will take quince seeds and soak them in water, and add a little book-binder's glue, it will assist you in keeping your hair curled after using the curling iron.

Harry Smith.—Eating arsenic may be good for the complexion, but it is bad for the digestion. It might give you the stomach-ache. I love my dear boys too much to want any of them to ever have the stomach-ache.

Childs.—It was very bad for a young lady to hint that she would like to have you take her to the theater, and you will do well to beware of young ladies who stop in front of the candy store and talk about chocolate creams.

Reynolds.—I would simply drop from my calling list, if I were you, the young lady who had her big brother pitch you out of the house for trying to indulge in osculatory conviviality. Let her know you are not to be trifled with.

Rice.—I hardly know what to suggest in regard to your bathing suit. However, I agree with you, dear, that for a man of your proportions, the modern bathing suit is an unbecoming garment.

Barrett.—No, I shouldn't advise you to use "celery compound." You need no "nerve tonic."

Norcross.—I am not able to tell you what will most speedily help you to recover from the effects of a "booze." I have heard that a Turkish bath, combined with a diet of strong coffee and pickles is helpful in an emergency of this kind. But why "booze," my dear boy? It is awfully vulgar, and no true gent ever does it.

Davis.—I know of no preparation that starts the moustache in one week. Better wait awhile for you are very young yet.

H. Gander.—It is not good taste to eat soup with a sponge.

Boyd.—You have my sympathy. (Kindly return it.)

Baker and Nash.—I heartily sympathize with you in your thwarted attempt to serve your country. But you are very young you must remember. Better wait till you are Seniors.

[I shall be very glad to hear from any of my dear boys, and help them to become perfect little gentlemen. UNCLE REUBEN.]

. . . Class Happenings . . .

Miss Green—(singing) “The Lord is my shepherd.”

Hunt—“Polly, you look sheepish.

SENIOR GRAMMAR.

Mr. W.—Mr. Park, how’s the time?

Park—It’s past up.

Mr. Rice—(In Geometry)—“Have we got to do all that square-rooting on paper?”

Mr. Trowbridge—(In Chemistry)—“Mr. Wilson, what is lampblack used for?

Mr. Wilson—(Seriously)—“For printer’s ink and face polish.”

Definition by Wilcox—If there is such a thing as a thing, that thing can be made smaller.

Shattuck—(Despairingly in Geometry test)—“I couldn’t get that sixth proposition if I copied it out of the book.”

Prof. Trowbridge—In the place where I came from they used a great deal of brimstone in—

(Class gives Prof. the laugh)—And he explains that there is a bleaching factory in Ann Arbor.

Case—(Anent the class sleigh ride)—I think we had better have it before after Christmas.”

Teacher—“Now, class, what is a round number?”

Bright freshman—A zero.

Mr. W.—“Mr. Moran give me the first corollary?”

Moran—A line which—a-which a-bisects a-er-a line. I can’t give it.

Mr. W.—“Can you give the second?”

Moran—A line which bisects another-a-er- - - um-a line is well a- Can’t give that.

Mr. W.—“Can you give the third?”

Moran—No, sir; I only learned the first two.

Miss Greene—(Referring to length of Virgil lessons)—“Mr. Welch, you said you were going to lesson them.”

Mr. W.—“I’ve been trying to lessen you all the time.”

Definition—A circle is a line drawn parallel to a point all the way round.

A freshman Definition of Thanatopsis—“Thanatopsis is about death; and after death you meet with the angels.”

“*jum*” *michener*—(On returning from Hillsdale)—“Gee, I’ve got three girls now, and I never had one before.”

(He evidently is not as Green as he looks.)

Mr. Welch—(Speaking of Laocoon)—“What’s the lesson about Mr. Treat?”

Treat—Snakes.

Prof. Trowbridge—(To physics class)—“Why is lightning zigzag?”

— So that people won’t know which way to dodge.

. . . An Ancient Manuscript. . .

* * * * * And it came to pass at the end of the twelfth moon that the tribe of Nutty-Too counseled together that they might make a sojourn, a day's journey by night toward the West, even beyond Rome. And the report thereof spread abroad among the tribes of Nutty-Won and Nutty-Nut and reached even unto the tribe of Nintinin. And, verily, when it came unto the warriors of these tribes, they laughed muchly and spat upon their hands, for they thirsted after the blood of Nutty-Too.

Now, it was winter, and the snow covereth the ground, and the tribe of Nutty-too hireth, for many shekels of silver, four bob-chariots drawn by steeds fat unto the fatness of Baby Bliss. Of drivers for the chariots there were four, and the wind blew through their whiskers.

Thereupon, the tribe setteth out upon their sojourn; both male and female set they forth, and the wind bloweth not through the whiskers of the warriors.* And with them taketh they many rulers of the lands. With them taketh they Prof, ruler of the tribes of Nutty-Won and Nutty-Nut, which dwelt within the same territory. And with them taketh they also their own rulers, the Lord High Keeper of the Animals, and the Shepherdess of the Heifer Paddock,† and the priestess of the Senior Temple of the tribe of Nintinin.

Now, the warriors of the other tribes of the land who spat upon their hands, setteth they out also in a bob-chariot; in numbers were they as the days of the week and Sunday twice. Now, long was the way and narrow, and the drivers

of the tribe of Nutty-Too were fearful, but the bob-chariots of the tribes came upon the caravan of Nutty-Too unawares, and the warriors of the tribes laid low in the bob-chariot and drave they swiftly about the caravan of Nutty-Too until they came even unto the head of it. And when they led the caravan of Nutty-Too, straightway drave they slow, like unto the snail, and the tribe of Nutty-Too waxeth wroth, and they cry, "Get a move on ye!" But they did not so. And it came to pass that the tribe of Nutty-Too, like unto the waves of the sea in number, did beset upon the warriors of the other tribes, which were few in number, in the muchness of their anger. And up gat with them the Keeper of the Animals and besat he with them. And then it came to pass that the tribes which led the caravan smole each man a smile, and straightway laid they hands upon the Chief Miscumscribulator‡ of Nutty-Too, and also taketh they captive the Lord High Keeper of the Animals. * * * * * Then straightway up gat the Lord High Keeper of the Animals in all his might and belaboreth he them with his own jaw bone; but the warriors of the tribes gran they grins in

*None of the warriors of the tribe were able, it would seem, to sport whiskers.—ED.

†It is a very strange coincidence that Mark Twain, in his travels in Australia, noticed that the West Australians use the same expression, "heifer-paddock," in reference to a young ladies' seminary. Refer to his "A New Way Around the World."—ED.

‡This probably is a title equivalent to historiographer.—ED.

the dark of the night Whereupon the warriors of the tribes drave they only faster with their captives, and turned they upon a road that led not unto Rome.*

And it came to pass the Keeper of the Animals greatly feared that he would never see Rome. Whereupon he beseeched the warriors of the tribes upon his bended knees.† The Miscumseribulator said not a word, for the warriors laid him in the bottom of the bob-chariot and sat upon him. Then counseled they together and out of the largeness of their hearts taketh they back the Keeper of the Animals upon a road which led unto Rome, for they bore no malice unto the Keeper of the Animals. And, verily, they reached the Eternal City even before the tribe of Nutty-too, which strayed not from the straight way.

And when the tribe of Nutty-too came upon them, the warriors of the tribes delivereth over unto them their Lord High Keeper of the Animals and Chief Miscumseribulator

without the injury of so much as a single hair, except that the dice was stove‡ of the Lord High Keeper of the Animals. And there was joy in the camp amongst the tribe of Nutty-Too, for their Keeper and Miscumseribulator were returned unto them, and once and again was the air rent with cries of "Hobble Gobble," and "Hully-Gee," which is by interpretation, "I am overcome with joy and surprise." * * * * *

The manuscript ends abruptly at this point. Nothing further historically authentic is known of the tribe of Nutty-Too; but it is, perhaps, safe to conjecture that they returned in safety to their former territories. Recent excavations have unearthed a vehicle from the dry bed of a stream which some scholars suspect to be a specimen of one of these ancient "bob-chariots."—ED.

*It may be this is one of the few exceptions to the rule, "All roads lead to Rome."—ED.

†Quite possibly he was upon his knees because the "bob-chariot" was going so fast that he could not stand upright.—ED.

‡It is conjectured that "*dice*" might be an ancient form for hat, and possibly "*stove*" might mean crushed or smashed.—ED.

"For me one hope in life I trace,"
A Freshman said; "Tis this,
That I may sometime find a place
Where ignorance is bliss."

Extract from U. S. Census Report A. H. S. (abridged).

| Name | Nationality | Disposition | Occupation | Married | Studies |
|----------------|----------------|-------------|---------------------------|------------------|---------------------------|
| "Butch" Boyd | Albino | Jolly | Not chosen | Used to be | Chemical principles |
| Glenn Knapp | Young American | Lazy | Linguist | Might be | About once a week |
| "Doc" Morden | "Canuck" | Sporty | Bluffing | Yes | Nit |
| "pete" grandon | Chilian | Angelic | Hasn't any | Not yet | O, yes |
| "Pinky" Saul | Egyptian | Harmless | Athlete | Should say not | Says he does |
| "jum" michener | Greaser | Grouchy | Putting up freshman flags | Says he is | Never |
| "Baby" Treat | Liliputian | Lovable | Time keeper | Too Young | Don't know how |
| "Billy" Childs | Irish | Gentle | Student (?) | Don't mention it | "Roberts' rules" |
| "Misty" Fogg | Indian | Childish | Asking questions | Nobody wants him | So smart he don't have to |
| "Sammy" Swift | Mexican | Quarrelsome | Courting | Looks that way | With Page |
| "Pabst" Moran | (?) | Hasn't any | Not much of anything | Three times | All the time |
| "ikey" crane | Chinese | Harmonious | Laughing | No | Very little |
| Wilcox | Caucasian | Frisky | Flirting | No (wait) | To learn (?) |
| Page | Mixed | Soft | Talking | Can't tell | With Swift |
| tayer | Could not say | Sweet | Looking pretty | Would like to be | "Guide to Health" |
| John W. | Welch | Aggressive | Running an annual | In Albion | Every old thing |

Extract from U. S. Census Report A. H. S. (abridged).—Continued.

| Hates Most | Likes Most | Brain Capacity | Gastronomical Capacity | Favorite Food | Favorite Book | Noted For |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|----------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Involuntary baths | Hillsdale Girls | Pretty fair | Never has been ascertained | Allegretti's | Check-book | Numerous love affairs |
| Hot weather | To ride his "bike" | O. K. | Increasing | Beans | "Ten Nights in a Pantry" | Nerve |
| Balky horses | To go to school | Large | Same as brain capacity | Thought | Matrimonial Reflections | Good behavior |
| School | To be a "freshman" | Unlimited | Dainty | Onions | "How to Run Fast" | His innocence |
| Nothing | Nothing | Immense | Peck per day | Pig (iron) | Geometry | Size of his hat |
| Seniors | Himself | ? | Great | Sour milk | Mother Goose | Being agreeable (nit) |
| Virgil | "To play" | Vast | Tiny | Has none | None (can't read) | Being curious |
| To be toastmaster | To be teased | Infinite | Ex-conspectu | Limburger | Ladies' Home Journal | His famous broad jump |
| To have his whiskers come off | To match pennies | Supposed to be large | Two bottles daily | Mellin's Food | Blank books | That tired feeling |
| To think | Girls | Unknown | !—!—!—! | Chicken pie | French reader | His devotion to— |
| To collect class dues | To do as he pleases | All gone to hair | Two horse-power | Pretzels, etc. | "Dream Life" | Innocuous desuetude |
| To be called down | To laugh | In embryo | Fair | Pancakes | "Robinson Crusoe" | His laugh |
| To be laughed at | To get caught in a trap | Large but undeveloped | Hate to ask | Fudge | Pocketbook | Executive ability |
| Work | Ann Arbor Soda | Medium | Enormous | Peanuts | ditto | A stand-in |
| To get left | To talk | Infinitesimal | Immeasurable | Cooked food | Book of Psalms | Cuteness |
| Jokes on himself | freshmen | Out of sight | Doesn't eat | Zephyrs | Senior Sickle | Confidential talks |

... Social Events ...

THE social events of the past school year have been of a varied and entirely harmless kind. Anything in the nature of a relief from toilsome study is always joyfully received, and feeling sure that we have not indulged too often, we are confident that both benefit and pleasure have been gained. A jolly good time now and then in connection with our school work cannot but rouse us to a greater and more active interest in our studies. Then, too, there is a tendency in such gatherings, especially if they are informal, for a better acquaintance between members of different classes, who, having no studies in common, are often entire strangers, one to another. Class spirit is put aside in the general aim to have a good time, and taking everything into consideration, an entertainment now and then is a good thing.

After the sleigh-rides were over and affairs had settled down to their usual routine, came the play, "The Company's Husbands," produced by members of the Senior class. It was a decided success, both as a pleasing entertainment, and in a financial way. At the close of the play ice cream and cake were served, the proceeds of which increased the gain still more.

May 12th occurred the cantata, "The Haymakers," which was the result of much practice and hard work. Great credit is due to the executive ability of Miss Nicholson, and to her untiring efforts to make it a success. Through the generous co-operation of the citizens, the result was highly gratifying to all concerned.

About this time an entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association was given by some of the members at Whitney's Opera House. It was a decidedly new venture, but was well received.

We hope that every school year may be as pleasantly varied as was the year '98-'99.

F. B.

Our Annual Sleigh Ride.

THE 15th of December, '99, will long remain fixed in the mind of each senior as the one oasis in the desert of toil and trouble. If one were poetically inclined he might say that it was a delightful moonlight evening, with stars twinkling in the deep, blue sky, etc., but sufficient it was for us that there was plenty of snow on the ground, and that there were two great "bobs" ready to take us out to Roy Beal's home; where, by his kind invitation, we were to spend the evening. With the exception of meeting a rather mysterious looking sleigh, we reached our destination without adventure.

Music and games filled in every moment of the time, which went all too quickly. In the midst of the fun a shout rang through the house, "Freshmen!" Excusing themselves for a few moments, the boys—yes, and the girls, too, hastened to the scene of action. We had scarcely reached the road, when an open sleigh dashed past. By way of having a little fun we armed ourselves with various inoffensive weapons, as clubs, fence-pickets, horse-pistols and snow-balls. But alas for the timidity some people exhibit in time of danger! Our adversaries, rather than risk a meeting, kept at a safe distance, until they might pass the house unseen. This one-sided warfare was renewed several times during the evening, but their cowardice evinced no desire to combat with Senior courage.

Later came the supper. And what a supper it was! The choicest samples of Senior girls' cooking were included in the spread, which, added to the skill of the waiters, made it a feast long to be remembered.


Soon, all too soon, came the morning hours and the time for the return. After many thanks to the friends who had shown us so much kindness and hospitality, we said "Good Bye."

F. B.



Athletics, '98, '99.

. . . . Football Season of '98

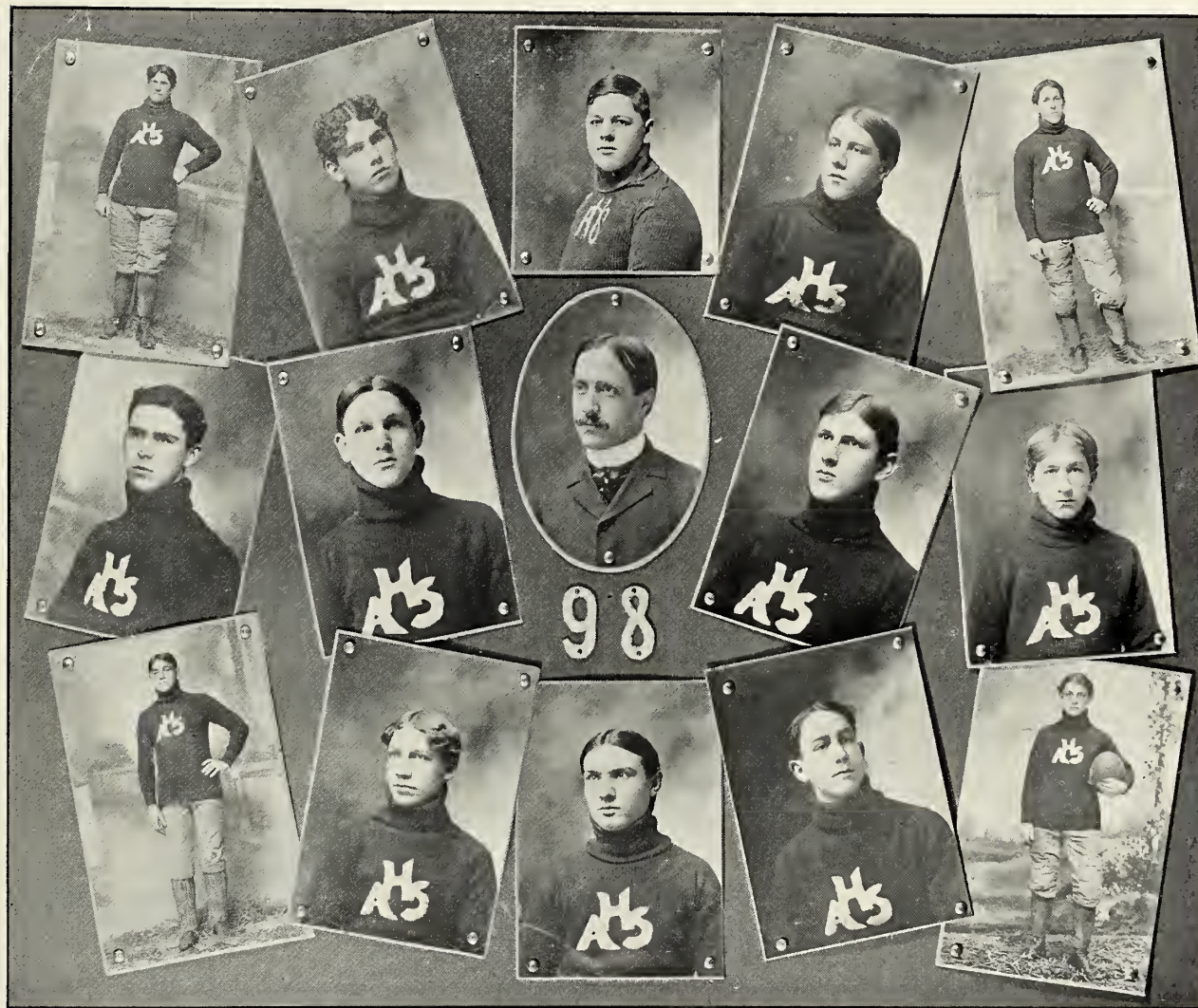
HE football season of '98 opened very favorably for the High School. Five of last year's eleven, Wilcox, Park, Moran, Schroeder and Wagner came out for practice when the call for candidates was issued, and a large number of inexperienced players as well. Captain Wilcox, assisted by Professor Trowbridge, who acted as coach, soon had the players in good condition. The eleven is to be praised for the way in which it worked; each player trying to do his best, working regularly, and helping the others in every way possible.

On October 22d the first game of the season was played with Adrian College. It was a bad day for a football game. It rained during almost the entire game, and neither side was able to play good football. The High School scored a safety in the first half, and won the game 2 to 0. During the next week the College decided they wanted revenge, and played us again October 26. There was no rain or a slippery ground to bother them, so they started in to win. The High School kicked off; the College could not advance the ball, and it went to the High School on downs. By steady work and long end runs the boys soon carried the ball over for a touch-down. Knapp failed to kick goal. During the rest of the half the ball was in the possession of first one side and then the other. In the second half the College braced up and played a good game. The High School worked hard to keep the College from scoring, but by long end runs the latter scored a touch-down, just as the half was up. They failed to kick goal, thus

making the game a tie, 5 to 5.

October 29th, Jackson High School came over. It was a fine day for a football game, and the Jackson boys thought they had an easy mark to play against, because of the way they ran over us in '97. Jackson kicked off to Adrian's fifteen yard line, where the ball was downed. It was a hard game from then on, first Adrian losing the ball and then Jackson. The ball did not move either way more than five yards during about ten minutes of the play. Jackson, by a trick play, carried the ball to Adrian's five yard line, and they tried, by the fiercest kind of line bucking, to carry it over. In two downs they advanced to within one-half yard of our goal. On the third down it was "do or die," and Wagner, our right tackle did the deed by going through Jackson's line and securing the ball. Wilcox, on the first down, went around the end for ten yards, placing our goal out of danger. During the rest of the half the ball was in Adrian's possession most of the time. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

The second half was noticeable for individual plays; the place kick by the captain of the Jackson team of forty-five yards, the forty yard run of Moran, and the fierce line bucking of Wilcox. The Jackson boys became tired, and after nearly every down one of them would call time to catch his wind. This was the finest game of football ever played in Adrian. The final score was 0 to 0.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

On November 19th, the High School eleven went to Monroe to play Monroe High School. Adrian had the advantage in weight, but Monroe made up for it in quickness. Adrian kicked off and secured the ball on a fumble. Wilcox secured the first touchdown in less than four minutes. Knapp kicked goal. The rest of the game was a see-saw back and forth. In the second half Adrian had everything her own way, and secured a touch-down and goal. The final score was 12 to 0 in Adrian's favor.

On Friday afternoon, November 18th, Adrian received an invitation to go to Hillsdale and play a practice game with the Hillsdale College giants. The boys accepted the invitation and went on the noon train Saturday, November 19th.

The Hillsdale men treated us finely; nothing was too good for us. In speaking of the game, all that can be said is that Hillsdale had all the practice she wanted, running up a score of 47 to 0. Adrian need not feel badly, for Hillsdale had a strong eleven, and won the intercollegiate championship of Michigan.

The last game of the season was played Thanksgiving day with the Detroit High School, in Adrian. The game was a long and drawn out one; the Detroit boys doing a good deal of kicking and delaying the game. The features of the game were the two long runs of Rapp, of forty and fifty yards; the fine playing of Wagner and Fogg, and the line bucking of Wilcox. Detroit's full back played a good game, although he was laid out several times. The game ended with the score 17 to 6 in Adrian's favor.

The success of the team is due in a large measure to Captain Wilcox and Professor Trowbridge, who worked untiringly during the entire season to improve the plays and to make the team the success that it was.

Line up of Football Team for 1898.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Phillips, - - - Left End | Moran, - Quarter Back |
| Fogg, - - - Left Tackle | Wilcox (capt.) Left Half Back |
| English, - Left Guard | Rapp, - Right Half Back |
| James, - - - Left Guard | Reynolds, - Full Back |
| Schroeder, - - Center | Clapp, - Sub. Quarter Back |
| Park (manager) Right Guard | Cornell, - - Sub. End |
| Wagner, - Right Tackle | Page, - - Sub End |
| Knapp, - - - Right End | Trowbridge, - Coach |

Dates and Records of Adrian High School Football Team '98.

-
1. H. S. and Adrian College, at Adrian, Oct. 22. H. S.
 - 2. College—0. Safety.
 2. H. S. and Adrian College, at Adrian, Oct. 26. H. S.
 - 5. College—5.
 3. H. S. and Jackson H. S., at Adrian, Oct. 29. H. S.
 - 0. J. H. S.—0.
 4. H. S. and Monroe H. S., at Monroe, Nov. 5. H. S.
 - 12. M. H. S.—0.
 5. H. S. and Hillsdale College, at Hillsdale, Nov. 19. H. S.—0. Hillsdale College—47.
 6. H. S. and Detroit H. S., at Adrian, Nov. 31. H. S.
 - 17. D. H. S.—6.

. . . . The Track Team

WHEN the second semester opened, the boys began to talk about a track team; but there was a great obstacle in the way, for the Athletic Association was in debt, and not one cent in the treasury. A meeting of the boys was called and plans talked over for clearing up the debt, and raising money to send a track team to Ann Arbor.

The boys went to work with a will, and soon had the Association free from debt and more than enough money to provide for the track team. Glenn Knapp was elected captain and Prof. Trowbridge, manager. They set to work at once and soon had the team picked out. Prof. Trowbridge, assisted by Prof. Smalley, took the boys in training, and by hard work had them in good condition for the meet at Ann Arbor, and the bicycle races at Ypsilanti. Knapp and Tayer were our representatives, Knapp going in the quarter, mile, and two mile races, and Tayer in the two mile. Knapp did not succeed in getting a place in the first two events, but in the two mile race he secured first place, and Tayer fourth, out of a field of sixteen, thus scoring five points for Adrian.

Early Saturday morning it began to rain, and continued until about eight o'clock, making the track slow for the sprints. Schureman, Adrian's representative in the 100 yard dash, through a misunderstanding with the judges was not on hand for the event. In the 440 yard dash, Finch started for Adrian and finished second, scoring three points. Seiffer had a walk away in the pole vault, clearing eight feet, six inches.

Seiffer is to be praised for the way in which he has trained this season, being steady and regular in his work. Wilcox and Lindvall won third place respectively, hammer throw and mile walk. Adrian did better this year than any year she has been represented. Sixteen of the largest High Schools in the state competed. Detroit won first place, scoring 43 points; Ann Arbor, second, 36 points; Pontiac, third, 16 points; and Adrian fourth with 15 points.

On June 3d, the High School held their field day on the college grounds. It rained in the morning, making it bad for the contestants. Nearly every member of the Athletic Association was entered in one or more events. Glenn Knapp scored the most points, 38; Finch was second with 28; Wilcox third, 20; Seiffer, fourth, 19. The merchants gave many beautiful prizes, for which the Athletic Association extend their thanks.

Within the past two years Monroe has extended three invitations to Adrian for a joint track meet and base ball game. This is the first year that Adrian has been able to go. On Friday, June 9th, Professor Trowbridge, accompanied by six members of the track team, and the base base ball nine went there. Adrian was allowed only six men for the track team, while Monroe had about thirty. In nearly all the events Adrian had only one representative, while Monroe had from two to six. Knapp scored the most points for Adrian, winning four firsts; Seiffer was second, winning three firsts. The final score was Monroe 27, Adrian 24. The boys brought

home many valuable prizes, which the merchants of Monroe donated. The ball game gave promise of being a very good one, but was brought to a sudden close by our pitcher, Glenn Knapp, being hit in the face in the first half of the fifth inning, while at bat. The score stood two and two. Next

year Adrian should make a high bid for first place in the interscholastic meet. Nearly all the members of this year's team will be back. All that is necessary for success is that the boys begin practice earlier in the season, and hold fast to the determination to win.

...Track Events...

The following are the records for the track events at Ann Arbor:

One mile bicycle—Nunnley, Mt. Pleasant, 3:13.
 One-fourth mile bicycle—Nunnley, Mt. Pleasant, 35 sec.
 Two mile bicycle—Knapp, Adrian, 5:02 3-5.
 100 yard dash—Ellis, Detroit, 11 3-5 sec.
 220 yard dash—Ellis, Detroit, 23 sec.
 440 yard dash—Coon, Ann Arbor, 58 4-5 sec.
 Half-mile run—Dubois, Ann Arbor, 2:18 3-5.
 Mile run—Barlow, Greenville, 5:04 2-5.
 Mile walk—Perry, Ann Arbor, 9:18.
 120 hurdles—Tucker, Ann Arbor, 19 1-5.
 220 hurdles—Dawson, Pontiac, 29 4-5.
 Shot-put—Forest, Ann Arbor, 34 ft., 10 in.
 Hammer throw—Rewling, Detroit, 76 ft., 4 in.
 High jump—Ellis, Detroit, 5 ft., 3 in.
 Broad jump—Ellis, Detroit, 20 ft., 8 in.
 Pole Vault—Seiffer, Adrian, 9 ft.



SEIFFER.



KNAPP.



TRACK TEAM.

A Stranger's View of Victoria Street.

THAT magnificent thoroughfare of Westminster, Victoria street, is bounded at one end by Dean's yard, and at the other by Victoria Station. At the first glance, the street does not strike the visitor favorably. Going one way he is anxious to reach the station, and going the other, he wants to see the Abbey. Its ordered regularity deceives him.

There are no prominent sights to make an impression on his mind; and if he remembers it after his holiday, it is chiefly because he once determined to save a 'bus fare, and found the street a great deal longer that it looks. The charm of the street grows upon one gradually, when he begins to find that it is not so monotonous as it seemed.

The street has a composite character and several moods. You could throw a stone from the army and navy stores to Strutton Ground. Yet, while the rich are paying bank notes for luxuries in the army and navy stores, their fellow Londoners are looking critically at the stalls for the cheapest vegetables in the grounds.

Some significance may be found in the fact that among the Embassies, the American Embassy alone is in the street. The Ambassador (Mr. Choate) like other Ambassadors lives in aristocratic London; but for business and business purposes, he is content to be in a business street.

Several members of Parliament live in Victoria street. Near there is Carlisle-place: there is a serene highness—Prince Leiningen; a famous doctor—Sir James Crichton

Browne; and a bishop—his eloquent lordship, of Ripon.

The quietude is in Dean's yard, where, in the shade of the Abbey, amid the ecclesiastical residences and the trees, one may ponder on the past, and philosophize according to the extent of his knowledge and imagination.

The army and navy stores represent the street in another aspect—its modern and aristocratic side. Even the dogs waiting on the porch are well-bred. The stores do not permit dogs to enter, but they provide chains and a resting place for them outside, and a robust commissionaire to see that they don't go astray. The dainty little dogs sit with an air of pride on the window-sills, while their dainty mistresses go inside to purchase.

If you wish to see the British army at its ease, the army and navy stores is the place. You see it in all ranks, from the retired general in the luncheon-room, carefully selecting his viands and his wines, to the last-joined subaltern in the supply department, inspecting helmets, trappings and boots, and dreaming of fights in the far corners of the Empire.

Victoria street is distinctly a street of headquarters. The associations can be numbered by the hundreds—from the Primrose League to the Society for the Welfare of the Feeble-minded; from the Cyclists' Touring Club, to the Home for Inebriate Women. The street contains several generals, the meteorological office (where they control the weather), a music hall, several tony hotels, and a church. And if all this is found in one street, could it be possible for anyone to imagine the rest of London?

MAGPIE.

Adrian High School
Forty-second Annual Commencement.

New Groswell
... Opera House,

... PROGRAM ...

MUSIC—"O, Stern Old Land," - - - J. J. Bullard
High School Chorus.

Prayer.

MUSIC.— { (a) "Wedding of the Birds," - Mrs. Allen Frazer
{ (b) "Out in the Fields," - Mrs. Emma A. Thomas
Children's Chorus.

ADDRESS—"A Receipt for Happiness."
Professor John B. DeMotte, Ph. D.

MUSIC—"Merry June," - - - Charles Vincent
Semi-Chorus.

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC—"Now the Music Soundeth," - - - E. S. Hosmer
High School Chorus.

Benediction.

Friday,
June 23, 1899.

Concerning.....

The Management.



FOR the third time we place before the public the annual publication of the Senior Class of Adrian High School. It is larger and, we trust, better than ever before. We should profit by the experiences of our predecessors. It would, therefore, seem strange if this annual failed to show some improvement over those of former years. We believe that we have sustained the former good record established by previous Sickie Boards, and we hope that in this instance, as formerly, our publication will not suffer by comparison with the Annuals issued by other High Schools of the state.

We are deeply grateful for the interest shown by all sides in our work. We are very sure everyone can recognize the excellent work on the part of the printer and engraver. Mr. Finch has again taken the printing contract, and has surpassed himself in completing it. We would also state that a member of the High School, Mr. Frank Finch, has done all the presswork, a task which one must see performed, to appreciate the labor involved.

The photographs of all the classes, and the individual pictures of the members of the Senior Class, as well as of the football and track teams, were taken by Mr. Will Barnum. His work certainly speaks for itself. The Barnum Engraving Company has made all the half tones and zinc etchings, with the exception of the cut of Prof. DeMotte and the cover design. Our illustrations are certainly superior. Toward our success in this part of our work, the photographer and engraver, because of their keen personal interest, have contributed in no less degree than has the printer. And to all these gentlemen is due our appreciation for their consideration of our inexperience. To Mr. Payne, the binder, also we would express our gratitude for the neatness and dispatch with which he completed his part of the work.

To the advertisers we would state that only through their liberal patronage are we able to carry out this work, and, therefore, we are correspondingly grateful to them. W. B. S.

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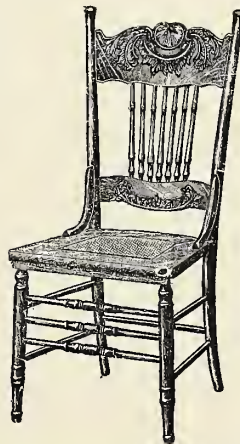
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Fall term opens Sept. 27th, 1899.
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B. E. CARPENTER. C. F. MATTHES. J. C. ROWLEY.

THIS Association will be ten years old on the 5th day of August next. It has matured its 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th series, and all shareholders in these series were paid off in full, either in cash or cancellation of mortgages at maturity on presentation of their certificates. The 6th will mature on or about the 1st of October, next, and the Association will be prepared to pay all off in full at maturity. Referring to the above we suggest that no one can do a better thing for himself or his children than to take a few shares, more or less, of this stock, and so not only put into practice a little economy himself, but teach the children to do the same. If he should wish to *borrow*, I am sure he can not do better. 20 cents a week carries one share of stock (\$100), and 12 cents additional, a loan of \$100. A new series (the 25th) started on the second Monday in April, and the 26th series will open the second Monday in July.

J. C. ROWLEY, Secretary.

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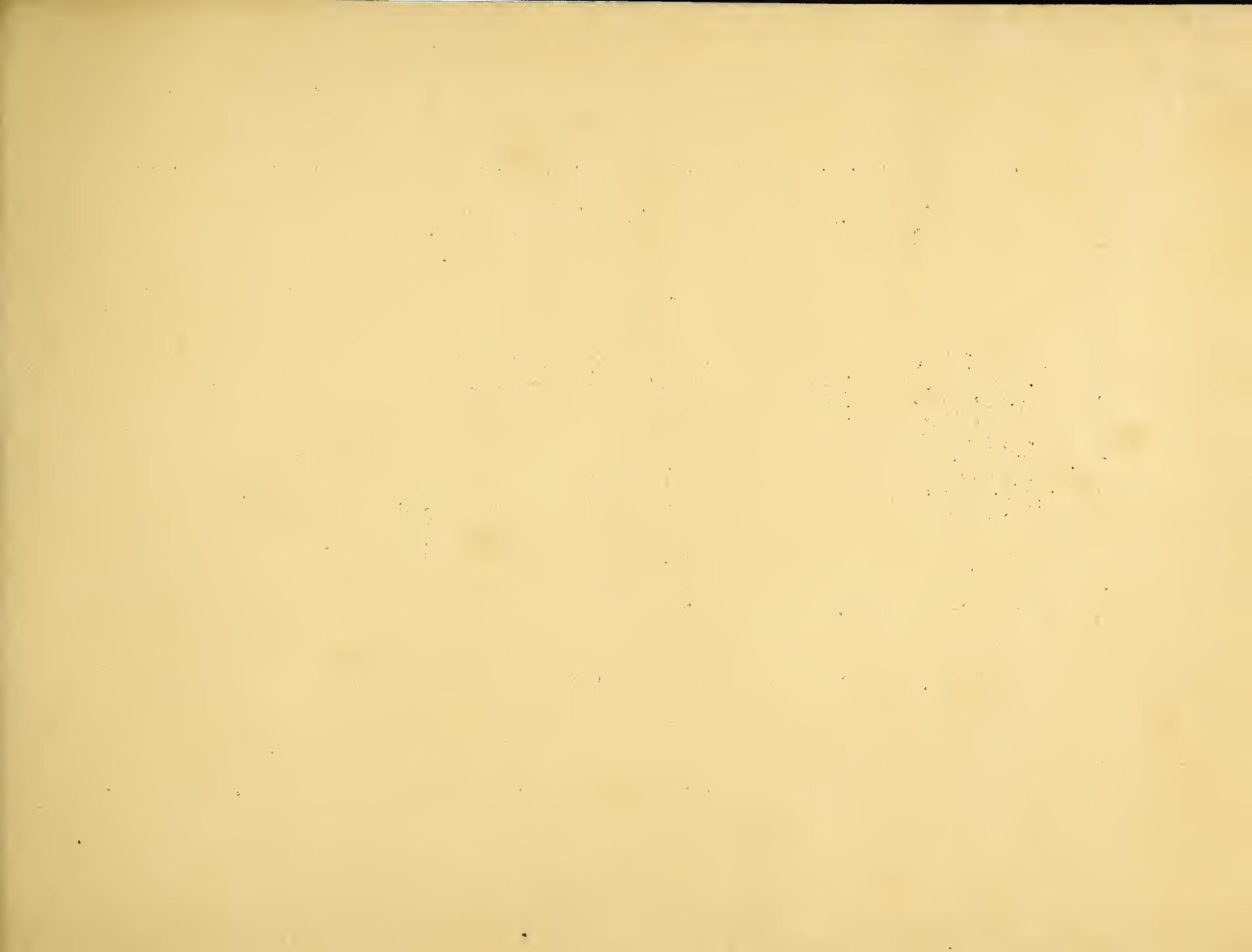
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